

PERCIVAL PEARSE,
BOOKSELLER & STATIONER
WARRINGTON.

18555

H27

18776

HAROLD

EXTRACTS FROM SOME PRESS NOTICES OF
QUEEN MARY: A DRAMA.

By ALFRED TENNYSON.

Uniform with "HAROLD." Price Six Shillings.

"'Queen Mary' is not only a fine poem, but a fine drama, and that, though each of the several powers which go to make it so has already been proved by the Author, the masterly harmony in which they work together here entitles 'Queen Mary' to be considered something more than merely a success in a new kind."—*Times*.

"On the whole we think we may say that this is a play which will compare with something more than advantage with Shakspeare's 'Henry VIII.' Certainly we should be surprised to hear that any true critic would rate 'Queen Mary,' whether in dramatic force or in general power, below 'Henry VIII.,' and our own impression is that it is a decidedly finer work of dramatic art. The morbid passions of Mary, the brief intervals of her lucid and energetic action, the gloom of her physical decay, and the despair of her moral desolation, together make up a picture which it would be impossible for any one who can enter into it, ever to forget."—*Spectator*.

"'Queen Mary' is full of various interest and insight; it shows powers unguessed at, and as yet scarcely to be appreciated."—*Academy*.

"The closing scenes of Mary's life are the finest in the poem. The miserable condition of the woman torn with love and bereavement, with dread for her State, and disappointment political and personal, crushed in the very dust of moral and physical depression, and yet not altogether unqueenly, not altogether unworthy of a certain sympathy—this makes up a picture which will long live in the mind."—*Daily News*.

* * * *A complete List of Mr. Tennyson's Works, and of the various editions in which they are published, is given at the end of the book.*

HENRY S. KING & CO., LONDON.

HAROLD

A DRAMA

BY

ALFRED TENNYSON

HENRY S. KING & CO., LONDON

1877

[The rights of translation and of reproduction are reserved.]

To his Excellency
THE RIGHT HON. LORD LYTTON,
VICEROY AND GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA.

MY DEAR LORD LYTTON,

After old-world records—such as the Bayeux tapestry and the Roman de Rou,—Edward Freeman's History of the Norman Conquest, and your father's Historical Romance treating of the same times, have been mainly helpful to me in writing this Drama. Your father dedicated his 'Harold' to my father's brother; allow me to dedicate my 'Harold' to yourself.

A. TENNYSON.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

SHOW-DAY AT BATTLE ABBEY, 1876.

A GARDEN here—May breath and bloom of spring—
The cuckoo yonder from an English elm
Crying ‘with my false egg I overwhelm
The native nest :’ and fancy hears the ring
Of harness, and that deathful arrow sing,
And Saxon battleaxe clang on Norman helm.
Here rose the dragon-banner of our realm :
Here fought, here fell, our Norman-slander’d king.
O Garden blossoming out of English blood !
O strange hate-healer Time! We stroll and stare
Where might made right eight hundred years ago ;
Might, right ? ay good, so all things make for good—
But he and he, if soul be soul, are where
Each stands full face with all he did below.

Dramatis Personæ.

KING EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.

STIGAND (created Archbishop of Canterbury by the Antipope Benedict).

ALDRED (Archbishop of York).

THE NORMAN BISHOP OF LONDON.

HAROLD, Earl of Wessex, afterwards King of England

TOSTIG, Earl of Northumbria

GURTH, Earl of East Anglia

LEOFWIN, Earl of Kent and Essex

WULFNOTH

COUNT WILLIAM OF NORMANDY.

WILLIAM RUFUS.

WILLIAM MALET (a Norman Noble).*

EDWIN, Earl of Mercia

MORCAR, Earl of Northumbria after Tostig

} Sons of Alfgar of
Mercia.

GAMEL (a Northumbrian Thane).

GUY (Count of Ponthieu).

ROLF (a Ponthieu Fisherman).

HUGH MARGOT (a Norman Monk).

OSGOD and ATHELRIC (Canons from Waltham).

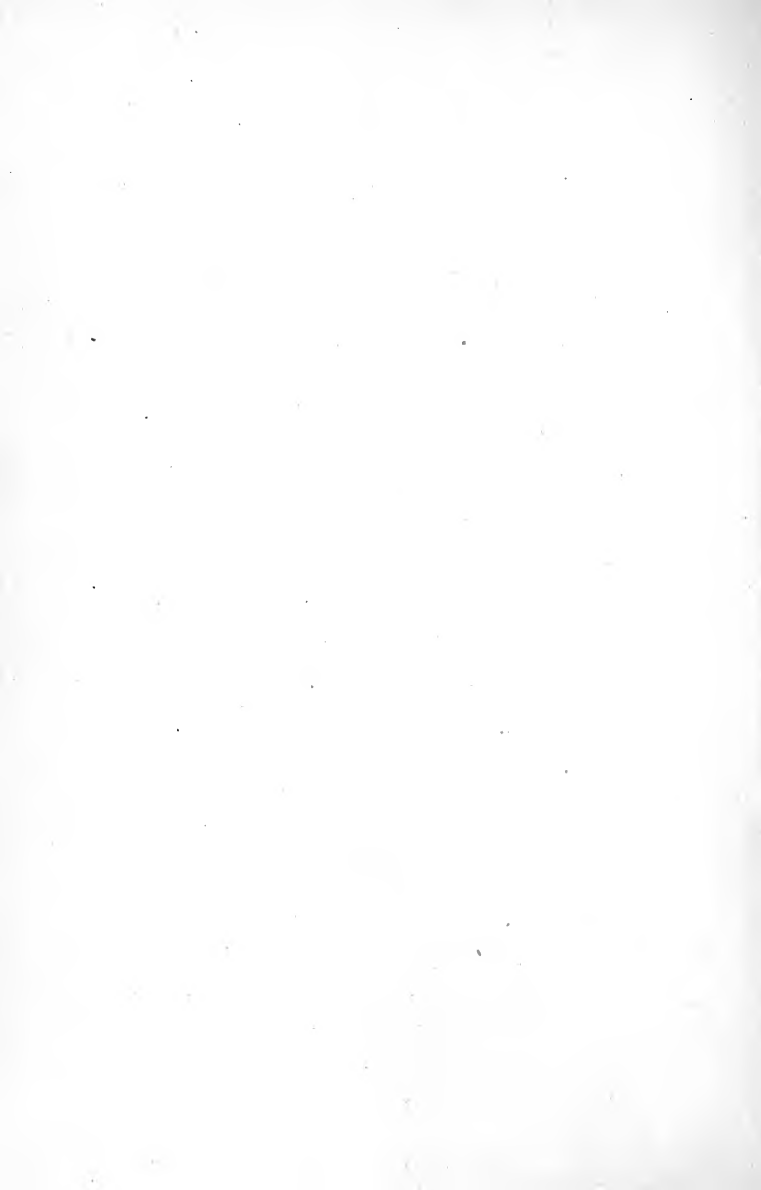
THE QUEEN (Edward the Confessor's Wife, Daughter of Godwin).

ALDWYTH (Daughter of Alfgar and Widow of Griffyth, King of Wales).

EDITH (Ward of King Edward).

Courtiers, Earls and Thanes, Men-at-Arms, Canons of Waltham,
Fishermen, &c.

* . . . quidam partim Normannus et Anglus
Compater Heraldii. (*Guy of Amiens*, 587.)



HAROLD.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—LONDON. THE KING'S PALACE.

(A comet seen through the open window.)

ALDWYTH, GAMEL, COURTIER *talking together.*

FIRST COURTIER.

Lo ! there once more—this is the seventh night !
Yon grimly-glaring, treble-brandish'd scourge
Of England !

SECOND COURTIER.

Horrible !

FIRST COURTIER.

Look you, there's a star
That dances in it as mad with agony !

THIRD COURTIER.

Ay, like a spirit in Hell who skips and flies
To right and left, and cannot scape the flame.

SECOND COURTIER.

Steam'd upward from the undescendable
Abysm.

FIRST COURTIER.

Or floated downward from the throne
Of God Almighty.

ALDWYTH.

Gamel, son of Orm,
What thinkest thou this means?

GAMEL.

War, my dear lady!

ALDWYTH.

Doth this affright thee?

GAMEL.

Mightily, my dear lady!

ALDWYTH.

Stand by me then, and look upon my face,
Not on the comet.

Enter MORCAR.

Brother! why so pale?

MORCAR.

It glares in heaven, it flares upon the Thames,
The people are as thick as bees below,
They hum like bees,—they cannot speak—for awe;
Look to the skies, then to the river, strike
Their hearts, and hold their babies up to it.
I think that they would Molochize them too,
To have the heavens clear.

ALDWYTH.

They fright not me.

(Enter LEOFWIN, *after him* GURTH.)

Ask thou Lord Leofwin what he thinks of this!

MORCAR.

Lord Leofwin, dost thou believe, that these
Three rods of blood-red fire up yonder mean
The doom of England and the wrath of Heaven?

BISHOP OF LONDON (*passing*).

Did ye not cast with bestial violence
Our holy Norman bishops down from all

Their thrones in England? I alone remain.
Why should not Heaven be wroth?

LEOFWIN.

With us, or thee?

BISHOP OF LONDON.

Did ye not outlaw your archbishop Robert,
Robert of Jumiéges—well-nigh murder him too?
Is there no reason for the wrath of Heaven?

LEOFWIN.

Why then the wrath of Heaven hath three tails,
The devil only one. [Exit BISHOP OF LONDON.

(Enter ARCHBISHOP STIGAND.)

Ask *our* Archbishop.
Stigand should know the purposes of Heaven.

STIGAND.

Not I. I cannot read the face of heaven,
Perhaps our vines will grow the better for it.

LEOFWIN (*laughing*).

He can but read the king's face on his coins.

STIGAND.

Ay, ay, young lord, *there* the king's face is power.

GURTH.

O father mock not at a public fear,
But tell us, is this pendent hell in heaven
A harm to England?

STIGAND.

Ask it of King Edward!
And he may tell thee, *I* am a harm to England.
Old uncanonical Stigand—ask of *me*
Who had my pallium from an Antipope!
Not he the man—for in our windy world
What's up is faith, what's down is heresy.
Our friends, the Normans, help to shake his chair.
I have a Norman fever on me, son,
And cannot answer sanely . . . What it means?
Ask our broad Earl. [*Pointing to HAROLD, who enters.*]

HAROLD (*seeing* GAMEL).

Hail, Gamel, son of Orm!
Albeit no rolling stone, my good friend Gamel,
Thou hast rounded since we met. Thy life at home
Is easier than mine here. Look! am I not
Work-wan, flesh-fallen?

GAMEL.

Art thou sick, good Earl?

HAROLD.

Sick as an autumn swallow for a voyage,
Sick for an idle week of hawk and hound
Beyond the seas—a change ! When camest thou hither ?

GAMEL.

To-day, good Earl.

HAROLD.

Is the North quiet, Gamel ?

GAMEL.

Nay, there be murmurs, for thy brother breaks us
With over-taxing—quiet, ay, as yet—
Nothing as yet.

HAROLD.

Stand by him, mine old friend,
Thou art a great voice in Northumberland !
Advise him : speak him sweetly, he will hear thee.
He is passionate but honest. Stand thou by him !
More talk of this to-morrow, if yon weird sign
Not blast us in our dreams.—Well, father Stigand—
[*To STIGAND, who advances to him.*

STIGAND (*pointing to the comet*).

War there, my son ? is that the doom of England ?

HAROLD.

Why not the doom of all the world as well?
For all the world sees it as well as England.
These meteors came and went before our day,
Not harming any : it threatens us no more
Than French or Norman. War? the worst that follows
Things that seem jerk'd out of the common rut
Of Nature is the hot religious fool,
Who, seeing war in heaven, for heaven's credit
Makes it on earth : but look, where Edward draws
A faint foot hither, leaning upon Tostig.
He hath learnt to love our Tostig much of late.

LEOFWIN.

And *he* hath learnt, despite the tiger in him,
To sleek and supple himself to the king's hand.

GURTH.

I trust the kingly touch that cures the evil
May serve to charm the tiger out of him.

LEOFWIN.

He hath as much of cat as tiger in him.
Our Tostig loves the hand and not the man.

HAROLD.

Nay! Better die than lie!

Enter KING, QUEEN and TOSTIG.

EDWARD.

In heaven signs !

Signs upon earth ! signs everywhere ! your Priests
Gross, worldly, simoniacal, unlearn'd !

They scarce can read their Psalter ; and your churches
Uncouth, unhandsome, while in Normanland

God speaks thro' abler voices, as He dwells

In statelier shrines. I say not this, as being

Half Norman-blooded, nor as some have held,

Because I love the Norman better—no,

But dreading God's revenge upon this realm

For narrowness and coldness : and I say it

For the last time perchance, before I go

To find the sweet refreshment of the Saints.

I have lived a life of utter purity :

I have builded the great church of Holy Peter :

I have wrought miracles—to God the glory—

And miracles will in my name be wrought

Hereafter.—I have fought the fight and go—

I see the flashing of the gates of pearl—

And it is well with me, tho' some of you

Have scorn'd me—ay—but after I am gone

Woe, woe to England ! I have had a vision ;

The seven sleepers in the cave at Ephesus

Have turn'd from right to left.

HAROLD.

My most dear Master,
What matters? let them turn from left to right
And sleep again.

TOSTIG.

Too hardy with thy king!
A life of prayer and fasting well may see
Deeper into the mysteries of heaven
Than thou, good brother.

ALDWYTH (*aside*).

Sees he into thine,
That thou wouldst have his promise for the crown?

EDWARD.

Tostig says true; my son, thou art too hard,
Not stagger'd by this ominous earth and heaven:
But heaven and earth are threads of the same loom,
Play into one another, and weave the web
That may confound thee yet.

HAROLD.

Nay, I trust not,
For I have served thee long and honestly.

EDWARD.

I know it, son ; I am not thankless : thou
Hast broken all my foes, lighten'd for me
The weight of this poor crown, and left me time
And peace for prayer to gain a better one.
Twelve years of service ! England loves thee for it.
Thou art the man to rule her !

ALDWYTH (*aside*).

So, not Tostig !

HAROLD.

And after those twelve years a boon, my king,
Respite, a holiday : thyself wast wont
To love the chase : thy leave to set my feet
On board, and hunt and hawk beyond the seas !

EDWARD.

What, with this flaming horror overhead ?

HAROLD.

Well, when it passes then.

EDWARD.

Ay if it pass.

Go not to Normandy—go not to Normandy.

HAROLD.

And wherefore not, my king, to Normandy?
Is not my brother Wulfnoth hostage there
For my dead father's loyalty to thee?
I pray thee, let me hence and bring him home.

EDWARD.

Not thee, my son : some other messenger.

HAROLD.

And why not me, my lord, to Normandy?
Is not the Norman Count thy friend and mine?

EDWARD.

I pray thee, do not go to Normandy.

HAROLD.

Because my father drove the Normans out
Of England?—That was many a summer gone—
Forgotten and forgiven by them and thee.

EDWARD.

Harold, I will not yield thee leave to go.

HAROLD.

Why then to Flanders. I will hawk and hunt
In Flanders.

EDWARD.

Be there not fair woods and fields
In England? Wilful, wilful. Go—the Saints
Pilot and prosper all thy wandering out
And homeward. Tostig, I am faint again.
Son Harold, I will in and pray for thee.

*[Exit, leaning on TOSTIG, and followed by
STIGAND, MORCAR, and Courtiers.]*

HAROLD.

What lies upon the mind of our good king
That he should harp this way on Normandy?

QUEEN.

Brother, the king is wiser than he seems ;
And Tostig knows it ; Tostig loves the king.

HAROLD.

And love should know ; and—be the king so wise,—
Then Tostig too were wiser than he seems.
I love the man but not his phantasies.

(Re-enter TOSTIG.)

Well, brother,
When didst thou hear from thy Northumbria?

TOSTIG.

When did I hear aught but this '*When*' from thee?
Leave me alone, brother, with my Northumbria :
She is *my* mistress, let *me* look to her !
The King hath made me Earl ; make me not fool !
Nor make the King a fool, who made me Earl !

HAROLD.

No, Tostig—lest I make myself a fool
Who made the King who made thee, make thee Earl.

TOSTIG.

Why chafe me then ? Thou knowest I soon go wild.

GURTH.

Come, come ! as yet thou art not gone so wild
But thou canst hear the best and wisest of us.

HAROLD.

So says old Gurth, not I : yet hear ! thine earldom,
Tostig, hath been a kingdom. Their old crown
Is yet a force among them, a sun set
But leaving light enough for Alfgar's house
To strike thee down by—nay, this ghastly glare
May heat their fancies.

TOSTIG.

My most worthy brother,
That art the quietest man in all the world—
Ay, ay and wise in peace and great in war—
Pray God the people choose thee for their king !
But all the powers of the house of Godwin
Are not enfram'd in thee.

HAROLD.

Thank the Saints, no !
But thou hast drain'd them shallow by thy tolls,
And thou art ever here about the King :
Thine absence well may seem a want of care.
Cling to their love ; for, now the sons of Godwin
Sit topmost in the field of England, envy,
Like the rough bear beneath the tree, good brother,
Waits till the man let go.

TOSTIG.

Good counsel truly !
I heard from my Northumbria yesterday.

HAROLD.

How goes it then with thy Northumbria ? Well ?

TOSTIG.

And wouldst thou that it went aught else than well ?

HAROLD.

I would it went as well as with mine earldom,
Leofwin's and Gurth's.

TOSTIG.

Ye govern milder men.

GURTH.

We have made them milder by just government.

TOSTIG.

Ay, ever give yourselves your own good word.

LEOFWIN.

An honest gift, by all the Saints, if giver
And taker be but honest ! but they bribe
Each other, and so often, an honest world
Will not believe them.

HAROLD.

I may tell thee, Tostig,
I heard from thy Northumberland to day.

TOSTIG.

From spies of thine to spy my nakedness
In my poor North !

HAROLD.

There is a movement there,
A blind one—nothing yet.

TOSTIG.

Crush it at once
With all the power I have !—I must—I will !—
Crush it half-born ! Fool still ? or wisdom there,
My wise head-shaking Harold ?

HAROLD.

Make not thou
The nothing something. Wisdom when in power
And wisest, should not frown as Power, but smile
As kindness, watching all, till the true *must*
Shall make her strike as Power : but when to strike—
O Tostig, O dear brother—If they prance,
Rein in, not lash them, lest they rear and run
And break both neck and axle.

TOSTIG.

Good again !
Good counsel tho' scarce needed. Pour not water
In the full vessel running out at top
To swamp the house.

LEOFWIN.

Nor thou be a wild thing
Out of the waste, to turn and bite the hand
Would help thee from the trap.

TOSTIG.

Thou playest in tune.

LEOFWIN.

To the deaf adder thee, that wilt not dance
However wisely charm'd.

TOSTIG.

No more, no more !

GURTH.

I likewise cry 'no more.' Unwholesome talk
For Godwin's house ! Leofwin, thou hast a tongue !
Tostig, thou lookst as thou would'st spring upon him.
St. Olaf, not while I am by ! Come, come,
Join hands, let brethren dwell in unity ;
Let kith and kin stand close as our shield-wall,
Who breaks us then ? I say, thou hast a tongue,
And Tostig is not stout enough to bear it.
Vex him not, Leofwin.

TOSTIG.

No, I am not vext,—
Altho' ye seek to vex me, one and all.
I have to make report of my good earldom
To the good king who gave it—not to you—
Not any of you.—I am not vext at all.

HAROLD.

The king? the king is ever at his prayers;
In all that handles matter of the state
I am the king.

TOSTIG.

That shalt thou never be
If I can thwart thee.

HAROLD.

Brother, brother!

TOSTIG.

Away!

[*Exit* TOSTIG.]

QUEEN.

Spite of this grisly star ye three must gall
Poor Tostig.

LEOFWIN.

Tostig, sister, galls himself,
He cannot smell a rose but pricks his nose
Against the thorn, and rails against the rose.

QUEEN.

I am the only rose of all the stock
That never thorn'd him ; Edward loves him, so
Ye hate him. Harold always hated him.
Why—how they fought when boys—and, Holy Mary!
How Harold used to beat him !

HAROLD.

Why, boys will fight.
Leofwin would often fight me, and I beat him.
Even old Gurth would fight. I had much ado
To hold mine own against old Gurth. Old Gurth,
We fought like great states for grave cause ; but Tostig—
On a sudden—at a something—for a nothing—
The boy would fist me hard, and when we fought
I conquer'd, and he loved me none the less,
Till thou wouldst get him all apart, and tell him
That where he was but worsted, he was wrong'd.
Ah ! thou hast taught the king to spoil him too ;
Now the spoilt child sways both. Take heed, take heed ;
Thou art the Queen ; ye are boy and girl no more :

Side not with Tostig in any violence,
Lest thou be sideways guilty of the violence.

QUEEN.

Come fall not foul on me. I leave thee, brother.

HAROLD.

Nay, my good sister—

[*Exeunt* QUEEN, HAROLD, GURTH, and LEOFWIN.]

ALDWYTH.

Gamel, son of Orm,
What thinkest thou this means? [*Pointing to the comet.*]

GAMEL.

War, my dear lady,
War, waste, plague, famine, all malignities.

ALDWYTH.

It means the fall of Tostig from his earldom.

GAMEL.

That were too small a matter for a comet !

ALDWYTH.

It means the lifting of the house of Alfgar.

GAMEL.

Too small ! a comet would not show for that !

ALDWYTH.

Not small for thee, if thou canst compass it.

GAMEL.

Thy love ?

ALDWYTH.

As much as I can give thee, man ;
This Tostig is, or like to be, a tyrant ;
Stir up thy people : oust him !

GAMEL.

And thy love ?

ALDWYTH.

As much as thou canst bear.

GAMEL.

I can bear all,

And not be giddy.

ALDWYTH.

No more now : to-morrow.

SCENE II.—IN THE GARDEN. THE KING'S
HOUSE NEAR LONDON. SUNSET.

EDITH.

Mad for thy mate, passionate nightingale . . .
I love thee for it—ay, but stay a moment ;
He can but stay a moment : he is going.
I fain would hear him coming ! . . . near me . . . near,
Somewhere—To draw him nearer with a charm
Like thine to thine.

(Singing.)

Love is come with a song and a smile,
Welcome Love with a smile and a song :
Love can stay but a little while.
Why cannot he stay ? They call him away :
Ye do him wrong, ye do him wrong ;
Love will stay for a whole life long.

Enter HAROLD.

HAROLD.

The nightingales at Havering-in-the-bower
Sang out their loves so loud, that Edward's prayers

Were deafen'd, and he pray'd them dumb, and thus
I dumb thee too, my wingless nightingale ! [*Kissing her.*

EDITH.

Thou art my music ! Would their wings were mine
To follow thee to Flanders ! Must thou go ?

HAROLD.

Not must, but will. It is but for one moon.

EDITH.

Leaving so many foes in Edward's hall
To league against thy weal. The Lady Aldwyth
Was here to-day, and when she touch'd on thee,
She stammer'd in her hate ; I am sure she hates thee,
Pants for thy blood.

HAROLD.

Well, I have given her cause—
I fear no woman.

EDITH.

Hate not one who felt
Some pity for thy hater ! I am sure
Her morning wanted sunlight, she so praised
The convent and lone life—within the pale—
Beyond the passion. Nay—she held with Edward,

At least methought she held with holy Edward,
That marriage was half sin.

HAROLD.

A lesson worth
Finger and thumb—thus (*snaps his fingers*). And my
answer to it—
See here—an interwoven H and E !
Take thou this ring ; I will demand his ward
From Edward when I come again. Ay, would she ?
She to shut up my blossom in the dark !
Thou art *my* nun, thy cloister in mine arms.

EDITH (*taking the ring*).

Yea, but Earl Tostig—

HAROLD.

That's a truer fear !
For if the North take fire, I should be back ;
I shall be, soon enough.

EDITH.

Ay, but last night
An evil dream that ever came and went—

HAROLD.

A gnat that vex't thy pillow ! Had I been by
I would have spoil'd his horn. My girl, what was it ?

EDITH.

Oh ! that thou wert not going !
For so methought it was our marriage-morn,
And while we stood together, a dead man
Rose from behind the altar, tore away
My marriage ring, and rent my bridal veil ;
And then I turn'd, and saw the church all fill'd
With dead men upright from their graves, and all
The dead men made at thee to murder thee,
But thou didst back thyself against a pillar,
And strike among them with thy battle-axe—
There, what a dream !

HAROLD.

Well, well—a dream—no more !

EDITH.

Did not Heaven speak to men in dreams of old ?

HAROLD.

Ay—well—of old. I tell thee what, my child ;
Thou hast misread this merry dream of thine,
Taken the rifted pillars of the wood

For smooth stone columns of the sanctuary,
The shadows of a hundred fat dead deer
For dead men's ghosts. True, that the battle-axe
Was out of place ; it should have been the bow.—
Come, thou shalt dream no more such dreams ; I swear it,
By mine own eyes—and these two sapphires—these
Twin rubies, that are amulets against all
The kisses of all kind of womankind
In Flanders, till the sea shall roll me back
To tumble at thy feet.

EDITH.

That would but shame me,
Rather than make me vain. The sea may roll
Sand, shingle, shore-weed, not the living rock
Which guards the land.

HAROLD.

Except it be a soft one,
And undereaten to the fall. Mine amulet . . .
This last . . . upon thine eyelids, to shut in
A happier dream. Sleep, sleep, and thou shalt see
My grayhounds fleeting like a beam of light,
And hear my peregrine and her bells in heaven ;
And other bells on earth, which yet are heaven's ;
Guess what they be.

EDITH.

He cannot guess who knows.

Farewell, my king.

HAROLD.

Not yet, but then—my queen.

[*Exeunt.*]*Enter ALDWYTH from the thicket.*

ALDWYTH.

The kiss that charms thine eyelids into sleep,
Will hold mine waking. Hate him? I could love him
More, tenfold, than this fearful child can do;
Griffyth I hated: why not hate the foe
Of England? Griffyth when I saw him flee,
Chased deer-like up his mountains, all the blood
That should have only pulsed for Griffyth, beat
For his pursuer. I love him or think I love him.
If he were King of England, I his queen,
I might be sure of it. Nay, I do love him.—
She must be cloister'd somehow, lest the king
Should yield his ward to Harold's will. What harm?
She hath but blood enough to live, not love.—
When Harold goes and Tostig, shall I play
The craftier Tostig with him? fawn upon him?
Chime in with all? 'O thou more saint than king!'

And that were true enough. ‘O blessed relics!’
‘O Holy Peter!’ If he found me thus,
Harold might hate me; he is broad and honest,
Breathing an easy gladness . . . not like Aldwyth . . .
For which I strangely love him. Should not England
Love Aldwyth, if she stay the feuds that part
The sons of Godwin from the sons of Alfgar
By such a marrying? Courage, noble Aldwyth!
Let all thy people bless thee!

Our wild Tostig,
Edward hath made him Earl: he would be king:—
The dog that snapt the shadow, dropt the bone.—
I trust he may do well, this Gamel, whom
I play upon, that he may play the note
Whereat the dog shall howl and run, and Harold
Hear the king’s music, all alone with him,
Pronounced his heir of England.
I see the goal and half the way to it.—
Peace-lover is our Harold for the sake
Of England’s wholeness—so—to shake the North
With earthquake and disruption—some division—
Then fling mine own fair person in the gap
A sacrifice to Harold, a peace-offering,
A scape-goat marriage—all the sins of both
The houses on mine head—then a fair life
And bless the Queen of England.

MORCAR (*coming from the thicket*).

Art thou assured

By this, that Harold loves but Edith?

ALDWYTH.

Morcar!

Why creepst thou like a timorous beast of prey
Out of the bush by night?

MORCAR.

I follow'd thee.

ALDWYTH.

Follow my lead, and I will make thee earl.

MORCAR.

What lead then?

ALDWYTH.

Thou shalt flash it secretly
Among the good Northumbrian folk, that I—
That Harold loves me—yea, and presently
That I and Harold are betroth'd—and last—
Perchance that Harold wrongs me; tho' I would not
That it should come to that.

MORCAR.

I will both flash

And thunder for thee.

ALDWYTH.

I said 'secretly ;'

It is the flash that murders, the poor thunder
Never harm'd head.

MORCAR.

But thunder may bring down
That which the flash hath stricken.

ALDWYTH.

Down with Tostig !
That first of all.—And when doth Harold go ?

MORCAR.

To-morrow—first to Bosham, then to Flanders.

ALDWYTH.

Not to come back till Tostig shall have shown
And redden'd with his people's blood the teeth
That shall be broken by us—yea, and thou

Chair'd in his place. Good-night, and dream thyself
Their chosen Earl. [*Exit* ALDWYTH.

MORCAR.

Earl first, and after that
Who knows I may not dream myself their king !

ACT II.

SCENE I.—SEASHORE. PONTIEU. NIGHT.

HAROLD and his Men, wrecked.

HAROLD.

Friends, in that last inhospitable plunge
Our boat hath burst her ribs ; but ours are whole ;
I have but bark'd my hands.

ATTENDANT.

I dug mine into
My old fast friend the shore, and clinging thus
Felt the remorseless outdraught of the deep
Haul like a great strong fellow at my legs,
And then I rose and ran. The blast that came
So suddenly hath fallen as suddenly—
Put thou the comet and this blast together—

HAROLD.

Put thou thyself and mother-wit together.
Be not a fool !

(*Enter Fishermen with torches, HAROLD going up to one of them, ROLF.*)

Wicked sea-will-o'-the-wisp !
Wolf of the shore ! dog, with thy lying lights
Thou hast betray'd us on these rocks of thine !

ROLF.

Ay, but thou liest as loud as the black herring-pond
behind thee. We be fishermen, I came to see after my
nets.

HAROLD.

To drag us into them. Fishermen ? devils !
Who, while ye fish for men with your false fires,
Let the great Devil fish for your own souls.

ROLF.

Nay then, we be liker the blessed Apostles ; *they* were
fishers of men, Father Jean says.

HAROLD.

I had liefer that the fish had swallowed me,
Like Jonah, than have known there were such devils.
What's to be done ? [*To his Men—goes apart with them.*]

FISHERMAN.

Rolf, what fish did swallow Jonah ?

ROLF.

A whale !

FISHERMAN.

Then a whale to a whelk we have swallowed the King of England. I saw him over there. Look thee, Rolf, when I was down in the fever, *she* was down with the hunger, and thou didst stand by her and give her thy crabs, and set her up again, till now, by the patient Saints, she's as crabb'd as ever.

ROLF.

And I'll give her my crabs again, when thou art down again.

FISHERMAN.

I thank thee, Rolf. Run thou to Count Guy ; he is hard at hand. Tell him what hath crept into our creel, and he will fee thee as freely as he will wrench this outlander's ransom out of him—and why not ? for what right had he to get himself wrecked on another man's land ?

ROLF.

Thou art the human-heartedest, Christian-charitiest of all crab-catchers ! Share and share alike ! [Exit.]

HAROLD (*to Fisherman*).

Fellow, dost thou catch crabs ?

FISHERMAN.

As few as I may in a wind, and less than I would in a calm. Ay !

HAROLD.

I have a mind that thou shalt catch no more.

FISHERMAN.

How ?

HAROLD.

I have a mind to brain thee with mine axe.

FISHERMAN.

Ay, do, do, and our great Count-crab will make his nippers meet in thine heart ; he'll sweat it out of thee, he'll sweat it out of thee. Look, he's here ! He'll speak for himself ! Hold thine own, if thou canst !

Enter GUY, COUNT OF PONTIEU.

HAROLD.

Guy, Count of Ponthieu !

GUY.

Harold, Earl of Wessex !

HAROLD.

Thy villains with their lying lights have wreck'd us !

GUY.

Art thou not Earl of Wessex ?

HAROLD.

In mine earldom

A man may hang gold bracelets on a bush,
And leave them for a year, and coming back
Find them again.

GUY.

Thou art a mighty man
In thine own earldom !

HAROLD.

Were such murderous liars
In Wessex—if I caught them, they should hang
Cliff-gibbeted for sea-marks ; our sea-mew
Winging their only wail !

GUY.

Ay, but my men

Hold that the shipwreckt are accursed of God ;—
What hinders me to hold with mine own men ?

HAROLD.

The Christian manhood of the man who reigns !

GUY.

Ay, rave thy worst, but in our oubliettes
Thou shalt or rot or ransom. Hale him hence !
[*To one of his Attendants.*
Fly thou to William ; tell him we have Harold.

SCENE II.—BAYEUX. PALACE.

COUNT WILLIAM *and* WILLIAM MALET.

WILLIAM.

We hold our Saxon woodcock in the springe,
But he begins to flutter. As I think
He was thine host in England when I went
To visit Edward.

MALET.

Yea, and there, my lord,

To make allowance for their rougher fashions,
I found him all a noble host should be.

WILLIAM.

Thou art his friend : thou know'st my claim on England
Thro' Edward's promise : we have him in the toils.
And it were well, if thou shouldst let him feel,
How dense a fold of danger nets him round,
So that he bristle himself against my will.

MALET.

What would I do, my lord, if I were you?

WILLIAM.

What wouldst thou do?

MALET.

My lord, he is thy guest.

WILLIAM.

Nay, by the splendour of God, no guest of mine.
He came not to see me, had past me by
To hunt and hawk elsewhere, save for the fate
Which hunted *him* when that un-Saxon blast,
And bolts of thunder moulded in high heaven
To serve the Norman purpose, drave and crack'd

His boat on Ponthieu beach ; where our friend Guy
Had wrung his ransom from him by the rack,
But that I stept between and purchased him,
Translating his captivity from Guy
To mine own hearth at Bayeux, where he sits
My ransom'd prisoner.

MALET.

Well, if not with gold,
With golden deeds and iron strokes that brought
Thy war with Brittany to a goodlier close
Than else had been, he paid his ransom back.

WILLIAM.

So that henceforth they are not like to league
With Harold against *me*.

MALET.

A marvel, how
He from the liquid sands of Coesnon
Haled thy shore-swallow'd, armour'd Normans up
To fight for thee again!

WILLIAM.

Perchance against
Their saver, save thou save him from himself.

MALET.

But I should let him home again, my lord.

WILLIAM.

Simple ! let fly the bird within the hand,
To catch the bird again within the bush !
No.

Smooth thou my way, before he clash with me ;
I want his voice in England for the crown,
I want thy voice with him to bring him round ;
And being brave he must be subtly cow'd,
And being truthful wrought upon to swear
Vows that he dare not break. England our own
Thro' Harold's help, he shall be my dear friend
As well as thine, and thou thyself shalt have
Large lordship there of lands and territory.

MALET.

I knew thy purpose ; he and Wulfnoth never
Have met, except in public ; shall they meet
In private ? I have often talk'd with Wulfnoth,
And stuff'd the boy with fears that these may act
On Harold when they meet.

WILLIAM.

Then let them meet !

MALET.

I can but love this noble, honest, Harold.

WILLIAM.

Love him ! why not ? thine is a loving office,
I have commission'd thee to save the man :
Help the good ship, showing the sunken rock,
Or he is wreckt for ever.

Enter WILLIAM RUFUS.

WILLIAM RUFUS.

Father.

WILLIAM.

Well, boy.

WILLIAM RUFUS.

They have taken away the toy thou gavest me,
The Norman knight.

WILLIAM.

Why, boy ?

WILLIAM RUFUS.

Because I broke
The horse's leg—it was mine own to break ;
I like to have my toys, and break them too.

WILLIAM.

Well, thou shalt have another Norman knight !

WILLIAM RUFUS.

And may I break his legs ?

WILLIAM.

Yea,—get thee gone !

WILLIAM RUFUS.

I'll tell them I have had my way with thee.

[*Exit.*

MALET.

I never knew thee check thy will for ought
Save for the prattling of thy little ones.

WILLIAM.

Who shall be kings of England. I am heir
Of England by the promise of her king.

MALET.

But there the great Assembly choose their king,
The choice of England is the voice of England.

WILLIAM.

I will be king of England by the laws,
The choice, and voice of England.

MALET.

Can that be?

WILLIAM.

The voice of any people is the sword
That guards them, or the sword that beats them down.
Here comes the would-be what I will be . . . kinglike . . .
Tho' scarce at ease ; for, save our meshes break,
More kinglike he than like to prove a king.

(Enter HAROLD, musing, with his eyes on the ground.)

He sees me not—and yet he dreams of me.
Earl, wilt thou fly my falcons this fair day?
They are of the best, strong-wing'd against the wind.

HAROLD *(looking up suddenly, having caught but the last word)*.

Which way does it blow?

WILLIAM.

Blowing for England, ha?
Not yet. Thou hast not learnt thy quarters here.
The winds so cross and jostle among these towers.

HAROLD.

Count of the Normans, thou hast ransom'd us,
Maintain'd, and entertain'd us royally !

WILLIAM.

And thou for us hast fought as loyally,
Which binds us friendship-fast for ever !

HAROLD.

Good !

But lest we turn the scale of courtesy
By too much pressure on it, I would fain,
Since thou hast promised Wulfnoth home with us,
Be home again with Wulfnoth.

WILLIAM.

Stay—as yet

Thou hast but seen how Norman hands can strike,
But walk'd our Norman field, scarce touch'd or tasted
The splendours of our Court.

HAROLD.

I am in no mood :

I should be as the shadow of a cloud
Crossing your light.

WILLIAM.

Nay, rest a week or two,
And we will fill thee full of Norman sun,

And send thee back among thine island mists
With laughter.

HAROLD.

Count, I thank thee, but had rather
Breathe the free wind from off our Saxon downs,
Tho' charged with all the wet of all the west.

WILLIAM.

Why if thou wilt, so let it be—thou shalt.
That were a graceless hospitality
To chain the free guest to the banquet-board ;
To-morrow we will ride with thee to Harfleur,
And see thee shipt, and pray in thy behalf
For happier homeward winds than that which crack'd
Thy bark at Ponthieu,—yet to us, in faith,
A happy one—whereby we came to know
Thy valour and thy value, noble earl.
Ay, and perchance a happy one for thee,
Provided—I will go with thee to-morrow—
Nay—but there be conditions, easy ones,
So thou, fair friend, will take them easily.

Enter Page.

PAGE.

My lord, there is a post from over seas
With news for thee.

[*Exit Page.*]

WILLIAM.

Come, Malet, let us hear !

[*Exeunt* COUNT WILLIAM *and* MALET.]

HAROLD.

Conditions ? What conditions ? pay him back
His ransom ? 'easy'—that were easy—nay—
No money-lover he ! What said the King ?
'I pray you do not go to Normandy.'
And fate hath blown me hither, bound me too
With bitter obligation to the Count—
Have I not fought it out ? What did he mean ?
There lodged a gleaming grimness in his eyes,
Gave his shorn smile the lie. The walls oppress me,
And yon huge keep that hinders half the heaven.
Free air ! free field !

[*Moves to go out. A Man-at-arms follows him.*]

HAROLD (*to the Man-at-arms*).

I need thee not. Why dost thou follow me ?

MAN-AT-ARMS.

I have the Count's commands to follow thee.

HAROLD.

What then ? Am I in danger in this court ?

MAN-AT-ARMS.

I cannot tell. I have the Count's commands.

HAROLD.

Stand out of earshot then, and keep me still
In eyeshot.

MAN-AT-ARMS.

Yea, lord Harold. *[Withdraws.]*

HAROLD.

And arm'd men

Ever keep watch beside my chamber door,
And if I walk within the lonely wood,
There is an arm'd man ever glides behind !

(Enter MALET.)

Why am I follow'd, haunted, harass'd, watch'd ?
See yonder ! *[Pointing to the Man-at-arms.]*

MALET.

'Tis the good Count's care for thee !
The Normans love thee not, nor thou the Normans,
Or—so they deem.

HAROLD.

But wherefore is the wind,

Which way soever the vane-arrow swing,
Not ever fair for England? Why but now
He said (thou heardest him) that I must not hence
Save on conditions.

MALET.

So in truth he said.

HAROLD.

Malet, thy mother was an Englishwoman ;
There somewhere beats an English pulse in thee !

MALET.

Well—for my mother's sake I love your England,
But for my father I love Normandy.

HAROLD.

Speak for thy mother's sake, and tell me true.

MALET.

Then for my mother's sake, and England's sake
That suffers in the daily want of thee,
Obey the Count's conditions, my good friend.

HAROLD.

How, Malet, if they be not honourable !

MALET.

Seem to obey them.

HAROLD.

Better die than lie !

MALET.

Choose therefore whether thou wilt have thy conscience
White as a maiden's hand, or whether England
Be shatter'd into fragments.

HAROLD.

News from England ?

MALET.

Morcar and Edwin have stirr'd up the Thanes
Against thy brother Tostig's governance ;
And all the North of Humber is one storm.

HAROLD.

I should be there, Malet, I should be there !

MALET.

And Tostig in his own hall on suspicion
Hath massacred the Thane that was his guest,
Gamel, the son of Orm : and there be more
As villainously slain.

HAROLD.

The wolf ! the beast !
Ill news for guests, ha, Malet ! More ? What more ?
What do they say ? did Edward know of this ?

MALET.

They say, his wife was knowing and abetting.

HAROLD.

They say, his wife !—To marry and have no husband
Makes the wife fool. My God, I should be there.
I'll hack my way to the sea.

MALET.

Thou canst not, Harold ;
Our Duke is all between thee and the sea,
Our Duke is all about thee like a God ;
All passes block'd. Obey him, speak him fair,
For he is only debonair to those
That follow where he leads, but stark as death
To those that cross him.—Look thou, here is Wulfnoth !
I leave thee to thy talk with him alone ;
How wan, poor lad ! how sick and sad for home !

[Exit MALET.]

HAROLD (*muttering*).

Go not to Normandy—go not to Normandy !

(*Enter WULFNOTH.*)

Poor brother ! still a hostage !

WULFNOTH.

Yea, and I

Shall see the dewy kiss of dawn no more
Make blush the maiden-white of our tall cliffs,
Nor mark the sea-bird rouse himself and hover
Above the windy ripple, and fill the sky
With free sea-laughter—never—save indeed
Thou canst make yield this iron-mooded Duke
To let me go.

HAROLD.

Why, brother, so he will ;
But on conditions. Canst thou guess at them ?

WULFNOTH.

Draw nearer,—I was in the corridor,
I saw him coming with his brother Odo
The Bayeux bishop, and I hid myself.

HAROLD.

They did thee wrong who made thee hostage ; thou
Wast ever fearful.

WULFNOTH.

And he spoke—I heard him—
‘This Harold is not of the royal blood,
Can have no right to the crown,’ and Odo said,
‘Thine is the right, for thine the might; he is here,
And yonder is thy keep.’

HAROLD.

No, Wulfnoth, no.

WULFNOTH.

And William laugh’d and swore that might was right,
Far as he knew in this poor world of ours—
‘Marry, the Saints must go along with us,
And, brother, we will find a way,’ said he—
Yea, yea, he would be king of England.

HAROLD.

Never!

WULFNOTH.

Yea, but thou must not this way answer *him*.

HAROLD.

Is it not better still to speak the truth?

WULFNOTH.

Not here, or thou wilt never hence nor I :
For in the racing toward this golden goal
He turns not right or left, but tramples flat
Whatever thwarts him ; hast thou never heard
His savagery at Alençon,—the town
Hung out raw hides along their walls, and cried
'Work for the tanner.'

HAROLD.

That had anger'd *me*
Had I been William.

WULFNOTH.

Nay, but he had prisoners,
He tore their eyes out, sliced their hands away,
And flung them streaming o'er the battlements
Upon the heads of those who walk'd within—
O speak him fair, Harold, for thine own sake.

HAROLD.

Your Welshman says, 'The Truth against the World,'
Much more the truth against myself.

WULFNOTH.

Thyself?
But for my sake, oh brother ! oh ! for my sake !

HAROLD.

Poor Wulfnoth ! do they not entreat thee well ?

WULFNOTH.

I see the blackness of my dungeon loom
Across their lamps of revel, and beyond
The merriest murmurs of their banquet clank
The shackles that will bind me to the wall.

HAROLD.

Too fearful still !

WULFNOTH.

Oh no, no—speak him fair !
Call it to temporize ; and not to lie ;
Harold, I do not counsel thee to lie.
The man that hath to foil a murderous aim
May, surely, play with words.

HAROLD.

Words are the man.
Not ev'n for thy sake, brother, would I lie.

WULFNOTH.

Then for thine Edith ?

HAROLD.

There thou prickst me deep.

WULFNOTH.

And for our Mother England?

HAROLD.

Deeper still.

WULFNOTH.

And deeper still the deep-down oubliette,
Down thirty feet below the smiling day—
In blackness—dogs' food thrown upon thy head.
And over thee the suns arise and set,
And the lark sings, the sweet stars come and go,
And men are at their markets, in their fields,
And woo their loves and have forgotten thee ;
And thou art upright in thy living grave,
Where there is barely room to shift thy side,
And all thine England hath forgotten thee ;
And he our lazy-pious Norman King,
With all his Normans round him once again,
Counts his old beads, and hath forgotten thee.

HAROLD.

Thou art of my blood, and so methinks, my boy,
Thy fears infect me beyond reason. Peace !

WULFNOTH.

And then our fiery Tostig, while thy hands
Are palsied here, if his Northumbrians rise
And hurl him from them,—I have heard the Normans
Count upon this confusion—may he not make
A league with William, so to bring him back ?

HAROLD.

That lies within the shadow of the chance.

WULFNOTH.

And like a river in flood thro' a burst dam
Descends the ruthless Norman—our good King
Kneels mumbling some old bone—our helpless folk
Are wash'd away, wailing, in their own blood—

HAROLD.

Wailing! not warring? Boy, thou hast forgotten
That thou art English.

WULFNOTH.

Then our modest women—
I know the Norman license—thine own Edith—

HAROLD.

No more ! I will not hear thee—William comes.

WULFNOTH.

I dare not well be seen in talk with thee.

Make thou not mention that I spake with thee.

[Moves away to the back of the stage.]

Enter WILLIAM, MALET, and Officer.

OFFICER.

We have the man that rail'd against thy birth.

WILLIAM.

Tear out his tongue.

OFFICER.

He shall not rail again

He said that he should see confusion fall

On thee and on thine house.

WILLIAM.

Tear out his eyes,

And plunge him into prison.

OFFICER.

It shall be done.

[Exit Officer.]

WILLIAM.

Look not amazed, fair earl! Better leave undone

Than do by halves—tongueless and eyeless, prison'd—

HAROLD.

Better methinks have slain the man at once !

WILLIAM.

We have respect for man's immortal soul,
We seldom take man's life, except in war ;
It frights the traitor more to maim and blind.

HAROLD.

In mine own land I should have scorn'd the man,
Or lash'd his rascal back, and let him go.

WILLIAM.

And let him go ? To slander thee again !
Yet in thine own land in thy father's day
They blinded my young kinsman, Alfred—ay,
Some said it was thy father's deed.

HAROLD.

They lied.

WILLIAM.

But thou and he—whom at thy word, for thou
Art known a speaker of the truth, I free
From this foul charge—

HAROLD.

Nay, nay, he freed himself
By oath and compurgation from the charge.
The king, the lords, the people clear'd him of it.

WILLIAM.

But thou and he drove our good Normans out
From England, and this rankles in us yet.
Archbishop Robert hardly scaped with life.

HAROLD.

Archbishop Robert ! Robert the Archbishop !
Robert of Jumiéges, he that—

MALET.

Quiet ! quiet !

HAROLD.

Count ! if there sat within thy Norman chair
A ruler all for England—one who fill'd
All offices, all bishopricks with English—
We could not move from Dover to the Humber
Saving thro' Norman bishopricks—I say
Ye would applaud that Norman who should drive
The stranger to the fiends !

WILLIAM.

Why, that is reason !

Warrior thou art, and mighty wise withal !

Ay, ay, but many among our Norman lords

Hate thee for this, and press upon me—saying

God and the sea have given thee to our hands—

To plunge thee into life-long prison here :—

Yet I hold out against them, as I may,

Yea—would hold out, yea, tho' they should revolt—

For thou hast done the battle in my cause ;

I am thy fastest friend in Normandy.

HAROLD.

I am doubly bound to thee . . . if this be so.

WILLIAM.

And I would bind thee more, and would myself

Be bounden to thee more.

HAROLD.

Then let me hence

With Wulfnoth to King Edward.

WILLIAM.

So we will.

We hear he hath not long to live.

HAROLD.

It may be.

WILLIAM.

Why then the heir of England, who is he ?

HAROLD.

The Atheling is nearest to the throne.

WILLIAM.

But sickly, slight, half-witted and a child,
Will England have him king ?

HAROLD.

It may be, no.

WILLIAM.

And hath King Edward not pronounced his heir ?

HAROLD.

Not that I know.

WILLIAM.

When he was here in Normandy,
He loved us and we him, because we found him
A Norman of the Normans.

HAROLD.

So did we.

WILLIAM.

A gentle, gracious, pure and saintly man !
And grateful to the hand that shielded him,
He promised that if ever he were king
In England, he would give his kingly voice
To me as his successor. Knowest thou this ?

HAROLD.

I learn it now.

WILLIAM.

Thou knowest I am his cousin,
And that my wife descends from Alfred ?

HAROLD.

Ay.

WILLIAM.

Who hath a better claim then to the crown
So that ye will not crown the Atheling ?

HAROLD.

None that I know . . . if that but hung upon
King Edward's will.

WILLIAM.

Wilt *thou* uphold my claim ?MALET (*aside to HAROLD*).

Be careful of thine answer, my good friend.

WULFNOTH (*aside to HAROLD*).

Oh ! Harold, for my sake and for thine own !

HAROLD.

Ay . . . if the king have not revoked his promise.

WILLIAM.

But hath he done it then ?

HAROLD.

Not that I know. .

WILLIAM.

Good, good, and thou wilt help me to the crown.

HAROLD.

Ay . . . if the Witan will consent to this.

WILLIAM.

Thou art the mightiest voice in England, man,
Thy voice will lead the Witan—shall I have it ?

WULFNOTH (*aside to HAROLD*).

Oh ! Harold, if thou love thine Edith, ay.

HAROLD.

Ay, if—

MALET (*aside to HAROLD*).

Thine 'ifs' will sear thine eyes out—ay.

WILLIAM.

I ask thee, wilt thou help me to the crown ?
And I will make thee my great Earl of Earls,
Foremost in England and in Normandy ;
Thou shalt be verily king—all but the name—
For I shall most sojourn in Normandy ;
And thou be my vice-king in England. Speak.

WULFNOTH (*aside to HAROLD*).

Ay, brother—for the sake of England—ay.

HAROLD.

My lord—

MALET (*aside to HAROLD*).

Take heed now.

HAROLD.

Ay.

WILLIAM.

I am content,
For thou art truthful, and thy word thy bond.
To-morrow will we ride with thee to Harfleur.
[*Exit* WILLIAM.]

MALET.

Harold, I am thy friend, one life with thee,
And even as I should bless thee saving mine,
I thank thee now for having saved thyself.
[*Exit* MALET.]

HAROLD.

For having lost myself to save myself,
Said 'ay' when I meant 'no,' lied like a lad
That dreads the pendent scourge, said 'ay' for 'no'!
Ay! No!—he hath not bound me by an oath—
Is 'ay' an oath? is 'ay' strong as an oath?
Or is it the same sin to break my word
As break mine oath? He call'd my word my bond!
He is a liar who knows I am a liar,
And makes believe that he believes my word—
The crime be on his head—not bounden—no.

[*Suddenly doors are flung open, discovering in an
inner hall COUNT WILLIAM in his state robes,
seated upon his throne, between two Bishops,*

ODO OF BAYEUX *being one: in the centre of the hall an ark covered with cloth of gold; and on either side of it the Norman barons.*

Enter a Jailor before WILLIAM'S throne.

WILLIAM (*to Jailor*).

Knave, hast thou let thy prisoner scape?

JAILOR.

Sir Count,

He had but one foot, he must have hopt away,
Yea, some familiar spirit must have help'd him.

WILLIAM.

Woe knave to thy familiar and to thee!

Give me thy keys.

[*They fall clashing.*

Nay let them lie. Stand there and wait my will.

[*The Jailor stands aside.*

WILLIAM (*to HAROLD*).

Hast thou such trustless jailors in thy North?

HAROLD.

We have few prisoners in mine earldom there,
So less chance for false keepers.

WILLIAM.

We have heard
Of thy just, mild, and equal governance ;
Honour to thee ! thou art perfect in all honour !
Thy naked word thy bond ! confirm it now
Before our gather'd Norman baronage,
For they will not believe thee—as I believe.

[*Descends from his throne and stands by the ark.*

Let all men here bear witness of our bond !

[*Beckons to HAROLD who advances. Enter*
MALET *behind him.*

Lay thou thy hand upon this golden pall !
Behold the jewel of St. Pancratius
Woven into the gold. Swear thou on this !

HAROLD.

What should I swear ? Why should I swear on this ?

WILLIAM (*savagely*).

Swear thou to help me to the crown of England.

MALET (*whispering* HAROLD).

My friend, thou hast gone too far to palter now.

WULFNOTH (*whispering* HAROLD).

Swear thou to-day, to-morrow is thine own.

HAROLD.

I swear to help thee to the Crown of England . . .
According as King Edward promises.

WILLIAM.

Thou must swear absolutely, noble Earl.

MALET (*whispering*).

Delay is death to thee, ruin to England.

WULFNOTH (*whispering*).

Swear, dearest brother, I beseech thee, swear!

HAROLD (*putting his hand on the jewel*).

I swear to help thee to the crown of England.

WILLIAM.

Thanks, truthful Earl; I did not doubt thy word,
But that my barons might believe thy word,
And that the Holy Saints of Normandy
When thou art home in England, with thine own,
Might strengthen thee in keeping of thy word,

I made thee swear.—Show him by whom he hath sworn.

[The two Bishops advance, and raise the cloth of gold. The bodies and bones of Saints are seen lying in the ark.]

The holy bones of all the Canonised
From all the holiest shrines in Normandy !

HAROLD

Horrible !

[They ict the cloth fall again.]

WILLIAM.

Ay, for thou hast sworn an oath
Which, if not kept, would make the hard earth rive
To the very Devil's horns, the bright sky cleave
To the very feet of God, and send her hosts
Of injured Saints to scatter sparks of plague
Thro' all your cities, blast your infants, dash
The torch of war among your standing corn,
Dabble your hearths with your own blood.—Enough !
Thou wilt not break it ! I, the Count—the King—
Thy friend—am grateful for thine honest oath,
Not coming fiercely like a conqueror, now,
But softly as a bridegroom to his own.
For I shall rule according to your laws,
And make your ever-jarring Earldoms move

To music and in order—Angle, Jute,
Dane, Saxon, Norman, help to build a throne
Out-towering hers of France . . . The wind is fair
For England now . . . To-night we will be merry.
To-morrow will I ride with thee to Harfleur.

[*Exeunt WILLIAM and all the Norman barons, &c.*

HAROLD.

To-night we will be merry—and to-morrow—
Juggler and bastard—bastard—he hates that most—
William the tanner's bastard! Would he heard me!
O God, that I were in some wide, waste field
With nothing but my battle-axe and him
To spatter his brains! Why let earth rive, gulf in
These cursed Normans—yea and mine own self.
Cleave heaven, and send thy saints that I may say
Ev'n to their faces, 'If ye side with William
Ye are not noble.' How their pointed fingers
Glared at me! Am I Harold, Harold son
Of our great Godwin? Lo! I touch mine arms,
My limbs—they are not mine—they are a liar's—
I mean to be a liar—I am not bound—
Stigand shall give me absolution for it—
Did the chest move? did it move? I am utter craven!
O Wulfnoth, Wulfnoth, brother, thou hast betray'd me!

WULFNOTH.

Forgive me, brother, I will live here and die.

Enter Page.

PAGE.

My lord ! the Duke awaits thee at the banquet.

HAROLD.

Where they eat dead men's flesh, and drink their blood.

PAGE.

My lord—

HAROLD.

I know your Norman cookery is so spiced,
It masks all this.

PAGE.

My lord ! thou art white as death

HAROLD.

With looking on the dead. Am I so white ?
Thy Duke will seem the darker. Hence, I follow.

[Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—THE KING'S PALACE. LONDON.

KING EDWARD *dying on a couch, and by him standing the QUEEN, HAROLD, ARCHBISHOP STIGAND, GURTH, LEOFWIN, ARCHBISHOP ALDRED, ALDWYTH, and EDITH.*

STIGAND.

Sleeping or dying there? If this be death,
Then our great Council wait to crown thee King—
Come hither, I have a power ; [to HAROLD.
They call me near, for I am close to thee
And England—I, old shrivell'd Stigand, I,
Dry as an old wood-fungus on a dead tree,
I have a power !
See here this little key about my neck !
There lies a treasure buried down in Ely :
If e'er the Norman grow too hard for thee,
Ask me for this at thy most need, son Harold,
At thy most need—not sooner.

HAROLD.

So I will.

STIGAND.

Red gold—a hundred purses—yea, and more !
If thou canst make a wholesome use of these
To chink against the Norman, I do believe
My old crook'd spine would bud out two young wings
To fly to heaven straight with.

HAROLD.

Thank thee, father !

'Thou art English, Edward too is English now,
He hath clean repented of his Normanism.

STIGAND.

Ay, as the libertine repents who cannot
Make done undone, when thro' his dying sense
Shrills 'lost thro' thee.' They have built their castles
here ;
Our priories are Norman ; the Norman adder
Hath bitten us ; we are poison'd : our dear England
Is demi-Norman. He !—

[*Pointing to KING EDWARD, sleeping.*

HAROLD.

I would I were

As holy and as passionless as he !
That I might rest as calmly ! Look at him—
The rosy face, and long down-silvering beard,
The brows unwrinkled as a summer mere.—

STIGAND.

A summer mere with sudden wreckful gusts
From a side-gorge. Passionless ? How he flamed
When Tostig's anger'd earldom flung him, nay,
He fain had calcined all Northumbria
To one black ash, but that thy patriot passion
Siding with our great Council against Tostig,
Out-passion'd his ! Holy ? ay, ay, forsooth,
A conscience for his own soul, not his realm ;
A twilight conscience lighted thro' a chink ;
Thine by the sun ; nay, by some sun to be,
When all the world hath learnt to speak the truth,
And lying were self-murder by that state
Which was the exception.

HAROLD.

That sun may God speed !

STIGAND.

Come, Harold, shake the cloud off !

HAROLD.

Can I, father?

Our Tostig parted cursing me and England;
Our sister hates us for his banishment;
He hath gone to kindle Norway against England,
And Wulfnoth is alone in Normandy.
For when I rode with William down to Harfleur,
'Wulfnoth is sick,' he said; 'he cannot follow;'
Then with that friendly-fiendly smile of his,
'We have learnt to love him, let him a little longer
Remain a hostage for the loyalty
Of Godwin's house.' As far as touches Wulfnoth,
I that so prized plain word and naked truth
Have sinn'd against it—all in vain.

LEOFWIN.

Good brother,

By all the truths that ever priest hath preach'd,
Of all the lies that ever men have lied,
Thine is the pardonablest.

HAROLD.

May be so!

I think it so, I think I am a fool
To think it can be otherwise than so.

STIGAND.

Tut, tut, I have absolved thee : dost thou scorn me,
Because I had my Canterbury pallium
From one whom they disposed ?

HAROLD.

No, Stigand, no !

STIGAND.

Is naked truth actable in true life ?
I have heard a saying of thy father Godwin,
That, were a man of state nakedly true,
Men would but take him for the craftier liar.

LEOFWIN.

Be men less delicate than the Devil himself ?
I thought that naked Truth would shame the Devil,
The Devil is so modest.

GURTH.

He never said it !

LEOFWIN.

Be thou not stupid-honest, brother Gurth !

HAROLD.

Better to be a liar's dog, and hold

My master honest, than believe that lying
And ruling men are fatal twins that cannot
Move one without the other. Edward wakes!—
Dazed—he hath seen a vision.

EDWARD.

The green tree !

Then a great Angel past along the highest
Crying ‘ the doom of England,’ and at once
He stood beside me, in his grasp a sword
Of lightnings, wherewithal he cleft the tree
From off the bearing trunk, and hurl’d it from him
Three fields away, and then he dash’d and drench’d,
He dyed, he soak’d the trunk with human blood,
And brought the sunder’d tree again, and set it
Straight on the trunk, that thus baptized in blood
Grew ever high and higher, beyond my seeing,
And shot out sidelong boughs across the deep
That dropt themselves, and rooted in far isles
Beyond my seeing : and the great Angel rose
And past again along the highest crying
‘ The doom of England !’—Tostig, raise my head !
[*Falls back senseless.*]

HAROLD (*raising him*).

Let Harold serve for Tostig !

QUEEN.

Harold served
Tostig so ill, he cannot serve for Tostig !
Ay, raise his head, for thou hast laid it low !
The sickness of our saintly king, for whom
My prayers go up as fast as my tears fall,
I well believe, hath mainly drawn itself
From lack of Tostig—thou hast banish'd him.

HAROLD.

Nay—but the Council, and the king himself !

QUEEN.

Thou hatest him, hatest him.

HAROLD (*coldly*).

Ay—Stigand, unriddle
This vision, canst thou ?

STIGAND.

Dotage !

EDWARD (*starting up*).

It is finish'd.
I have built the Lord a house—the Lord hath dwelt
In darkness. I have built the Lord a house—

Palms, flowers, pomegranates, golden cherubim
With twenty-cubit wings from wall to wall—
I have built the Lord a house—sing, Asaph ! clash
The cymbal, Heman ! blow the trumpet, priest !
Fall, cloud, and fill the house—lo ! my two pillars,
Jachin and Boaz !— [Seeing HAROLD and GURTH.
Harold, Gurth,—where am I ?
Where is the charter of our Westminster ?

STIGAND.

It lies beside thee, king, upon thy bed.

EDWARD.

Sign, sign at once—take, sign it, Stigand, Aldred !
Sign it, my good son Harold, Gurth, and Leofwin,
Sign it, my queen !

ALL.

We have sign'd it.

EDWARD.

It is finish'd !

The kingliest Abbey in all Christian lands,
The lordliest, loftiest minster ever built
To Holy Peter in our English isle !
Let me be buried there, and all our kings,

And all our just and wise and holy men
That shall be born hereafter. It is finish'd !
Hast thou had absolution for thine oath ? [To HAROLD.

HAROLD.

Stigand hath given me absolution for it.

EDWARD.

Stigand is not canonical enough
To save thee from the wrath of Norman Saints.

STIGAND.

Norman enough ! Be there no Saints of England
To help us from their brethren yonder ?

EDWARD.

Prelate,
The Saints are one, but those of Normanland
Are mightier than our own. Ask it of Aldred.
[To HAROLD.

ALDRED.

It shall be granted him, my king ; for he
Who vows a vow to strangle his own mother
Is guiltier keeping this, than breaking it.

EDWARD.

O friends, I shall not overlive the day.

STIGAND.

Why then the throne is empty. Who inherits?
For tho' we be not bound by the king's voice
In making of a king, yet the king's voice
Is much toward his making. Who inherits?
Edgar the Atheling?

EDWARD.

No, no, but Harold.

I love him : he hath served me : none but he
Can rule all England. Yet the curse is on him
For swearing falsely by those blessed bones ;
He did not mean to keep his vow.

HAROLD.

Not mean

To make our England Norman.

EDWARD.

There spake Godwin,
Who hated all the Normans ; but their Saints
Have heard thee, Harold.

EDITH.

Oh ! my lord, my king !

He knew not whom he sware by.

EDWARD.

Yea, I know

He knew not, but those heavenly ears have heard,
Their curse is on him ; wilt thou bring another,
Edith, upon his head ?

EDITH.

No, no, not I.

EDWARD.

Why then, thou must not wed him.

HAROLD.

Wherefore, wherefore ?

EDWARD.

O son, when thou didst tell me of thine oath,
I sorrow'd for my random promise given
To yon fox-lion. I did not dream then
I should be king.—My son, the Saints are virgins ;
They love the white rose of virginity,
The cold, white lily blowing in her cell :
I have been myself a virgin ; and I sware

To consecrate my virgin here to heaven—
The silent, cloister'd, solitary life,
A life of life-long prayer against the curse
That lies on thee and England.

HAROLD.

No, no, no.

EDWARD,

Treble denial of the tongue of flesh,
Like Peter's when he fell, and thou wilt have
To wail for it like Peter. O my son!
Are all oaths to be broken then, all promises
Made in our agony for help from heaven?
Son, there is one who loves thee: and a wife,
What matters who, so she be serviceable
In all obedience, as mine own hath been:
God bless thee, wedded daughter.

[Laying his hand on the QUEEN'S head.]

QUEEN.

Bless thou too

That brother whom I love beyond the rest,
My banish'd Tostig.

EDWARD.

All the sweet Saints bless him!

Spare and forbear him, Harold, if he comes !
And let him pass unscathed ; he loves me, Harold !
Be kindly to the Normans left among us,
Who follow'd me for love ! and dear son, swear
When thou art king, to see my solemn vow
Accomplish'd !

HAROLD.

Nay, dear lord, for I have sworn
Not to swear falsely twice.

EDWARD.

Thou wilt not swear ?

HAROLD.

I cannot.

EDWARD.

Then on thee remains the curse,
Harold, if thou embrace her : and on thee,
Edith, if thou abide it,—

[*The KING swoons ; EDITH falls and kneels
by the couch.*]

STIGAND.

He hath swoon'd !
Death ? . . . no, as yet a breath.

HAROLD.

Look up ! look up !

Edith !

ALDRED.

Confuse her not ; she hath begun
Her life-long prayer for thee.

ALDWYTH.

O noble Harold,
I would thou couldst have sworn.

HAROLD.

For thine own pleasure?

ALDWYTH.

No, but to please our dying king, and those
Who make thy good their own—all England, Earl.

ALDRED.

I would thou couldst have sworn. Our holy king
Hath given his virgin lamb to Holy Church
To save thee from the curse.

HAROLD.

Alas ! poor man,
His promise brought it on me.

ALDRED.

O good son!

That knowledge made him all the carefuller
To find a means whereby the curse might glance
From thee and England.

HAROLD.

Father, we so loved—

ALDRED.

The more the love, the mightier is the prayer ;
The more the love, the more acceptable
The sacrifice of both your loves to heaven.
No sacrifice to heaven, no help from heaven ;
That runs thro' all the faiths of all the world.
And sacrifice there must be, for the king
Is holy, and hath talk'd with God, and seen
A shadowing horror ; there are signs in heaven—

HAROLD.

Your comet came and went.

ALDRED.

And signs on earth !

Knowest thou Senlac hill ?

HAROLD.

I know all Sussex ;
A good entrenchment for a perilous hour !

ALDRED.

Pray God that come not suddenly ! There is one
Who passing by that hill three nights ago—
He shook so that he scarce could out with it—
Heard, heard—

HAROLD.

The wind in his hair ?

ALDRED.

A ghostly horn
Blowing continually, and faint battle-hymns,
And cries, and clashes, and the groans of men ;
And dreadful shadows strove upon the hill,
And dreadful lights crept up from out the marsh—
Corpse-candles gliding over nameless graves—

HAROLD.

At Senlac ?

ALDRED.

Senlac.

EDWARD (*waking*).

Senlac ! Sanguelac,
The Lake of Blood !

STIGAND.

This lightning before death
Plays on the word,—and Normanizes too !

HAROLD.

Hush, father, hush !

EDWARD.

Thou uncanonical fool,
Wilt *thou* play with the thunder ? North and South
Thunder together, showers of blood are blown
Before a never-ending blast, and hiss
Against the blaze they cannot quench—a lake,
A sea of blood—we are drown'd in blood—for God
Has fill'd the quiver, and Death has drawn the bow—
Sanguelac ! Sanguelac ! the arrow ! the arrow ! [*Dies.*]

STIGAND.

It is the arrow of death in his own heart—
And our great Council wait to crown thee King.

SCENE II.—IN THE GARDEN. THE KING'S
HOUSE NEAR LONDON.

EDITH.

Crown'd, crown'd and lost, crown'd King—and lost to me !

(Singing.)

Two young lovers in winter weather,
None to guide them,
Walk'd at night on the misty heather ;
Night, as black as a raven's feather ;
Both were lost and found together,
None beside them.

That is the burthen of it—lost and found
Together in the cruel river Swale
A hundred years ago ; and there's another,

Lost, lost, the light of day,

To which the lover answers lovingly

“ I am beside thee.”

Lost, lost, we have lost the way.

“ Love, I will guide thee.”

Whither, O whither? into the river,
Where we two may be lost together,
And lost for ever? "Oh! never, oh! never,
Tho' we be lost and be found together."

Some think they loved within the pale forbidden
By Holy Church: but who shall say? the truth
Was lost in that fierce North, where *they* were lost,
Where all good things are lost, where Tostig lost
The good hearts of his people. It is Harold!

(Enter HAROLD.)

Harold the King!

HAROLD.

Call me not King, but Harold.

EDITH.

Nay, thou art King!

HAROLD.

Thine, thine, or King or churl!

My girl, thou hast been weeping: turn not thou
Thy face away, but rather let me be
King of the moment to thee, and command
That kiss my due when subject, which will make

My kingship kinglier to me than to reign
King of the world without it.

EDITH.

Ask me not,
Lest I should yield it, and the second curse
Descend upon thine head, and thou be only
King of the moment over England.

HAROLD.

Edith,
Tho' somewhat less a king to my true self
Than ere they crown'd me one, for I have lost
Somewhat of upright stature thro' mine oath,
Yet thee I would not lose, and sell not thou
Our living passion for a dead man's dream ;
Stigand believed he knew not what he spake.
Oh God ! I cannot help it, but at times
They seem to me too narrow, all the faiths
Of this grown world of ours, whose baby eye
Saw them sufficient. Fool and wise, I fear
This curse, and scorn it. But a little light!—
And on it falls the shadow of the priest ;
Heaven yield us more ! for better, Woden, all
Our cancell'd warrior-gods, our grim Walhalla,
Eternal war, than that the Saints at peace

The Holiest of our Holiest one should be
This William's fellow-tricksters ;—better die
Than credit this, for death is death, or else
Lifts us beyond the lie. Kiss me—thou art not
A holy sister yet, my girl, to fear
There might be more than brother in my kiss,
And more than sister in thine own.

EDITH.

I dare not.

HAROLD.

Scared by the church—' Love for a whole life long '
When was that sung ?

EDITH.

Here to the nightingales.

HAROLD.

Their anthems of no church, how sweet they are !
Nor kingly priest, nor priestly king to cross
Their billings ere they nest.

EDITH.

They are but of spring,
They fly the winter change—not so with us—
No wings to come and go.

HAROLD.

But wing'd souls flying
Beyond all change and in the eternal distance
To settle on the Truth.

EDITH.

They are not so true,
They change their mates.

HAROLD.

Do they? I did not know it.

EDITH.

They say thou art to wed the Lady Aldwyth.

HAROLD.

They say, they say.

EDITH.

If this be politic,
And well for thee and England—and for her—
Care not for me who love thee.

GURTH (*calling*).

Harold, Harold !

HAROLD.

The voice of Gurth ! (*Enter GURTH*) Good even, my
good brother !

GURTH.

Good even, gentle Edith.

EDITH.

Good even, Gurth.

GURTH.

Ill news hath come ! Our hapless brother, Tostig—
He, and the giant King of Norway, Harold
Hardrada—Scotland, Ireland, Iceland, Orkney,
Are landed North of Humber, and in a field
So packt with carnage that the dykes and brooks
Were bridged and damm'd with dead, have overthrown
Morcar and Edwin.

HAROLD.

Well then, we must fight.

How blows the wind ?

GURTH.

Against St. Valery

And William.

HAROLD.

Well then, we will to the North.

GURTH.

Ay, but worse news : this William sent to Rome,
Swearing thou swarest falsely by his Saints :
The Pope and that Archdeacon Hildebrand
His master, heard him, and have sent him back
A holy gonfanon, and a blessed hair
Of Peter, and all France, all Burgundy,
Poitou, all Christendom is raised against thee ;
He hath cursed thee, and all those who fight for thee,
And given thy realm of England to the bastard.

HAROLD.

Ha ! ha !

EDITH.

Oh ! laugh not ! . . . Strange and ghastly in the gloom
And shadowing of this double thunder-cloud
That lours on England—laughter !

HAROLD.

No, not strange !

This was old human laughter in old Rome
Before a Pope was born, when that which reign'd

Call'd itself God.—A kindly rendering
Of 'Render unto Cæsar.' . . . The Good Shepherd !
Take this, and render that.

GURTH.

They have taken York.

HAROLD.

The Lord was God and came as man—the Pope
Is man and comes as God.—York taken ?

GURTH.

Yea,

Tostig hath taken York !

HAROLD.

To York then. Edith,
Hadst thou been braver, I had better braved
All—but I love thee and thou me—and that
Remains beyond all chances and all churches,
And that thou knowest.

EDITH.

Ay, but take back thy ring.
It burns my hand—a curse to thee and me.
I dare not wear it.

[*Proffers HAROLD the ring, which he takes.*]

HAROLD.

But I dare. God with thee !

[*Exeunt* HAROLD and GURTH.]

EDITH.

The King hath cursed him, if he marry me ;
The Pope hath cursed him, marry me or no !
God help me ! I know nothing—can but pray
For Harold—pray, pray, pray—no help but prayer,
A breath that fleets beyond this iron world,
And touches Him that made it.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—IN NORTHUMBRIA.

ARCHBISHOP ALDRED, MORCAR, EDWIN, *and* Forces.

Enter HAROLD. The standard of the golden Dragon of Wessex preceding him.

HAROLD.

What ! are thy people sullen from defeat ?
Our Wessex dragon flies beyond the Humber,
No voice to greet it.

EDWIN.

Let not our great king
Believe us sullen—only shamed to the quick
Before the king—as having been so bruised
By Harold, king of Norway ; but our help
Is Harold, king of England. Pardon us, thou !
Our silence is our reverence for the king !

HAROLD.

Earl of the Mercians ! if the truth be gall,

Cram me not thou with honey, when our good hive
Needs every sting to save it.

VOICES.

Aldwyth ! Aldwyth !

HAROLD.

Why cry thy people on thy sister's name ?

MORCAR.

She hath won upon our people thro' her beauty,
And pleasantness among them.

VOICES.

Aldwyth, Aldwyth !

HAROLD.

They shout as they would have her for a queen.

MORCAR.

She hath followed with our host, and suffer'd all.

HAROLD.

What would ye, men ?

VOICE.

Our old Northumbrian crown,
And kings of our own choosing.

HAROLD.

Your old crown

Were little help without our Saxon carles
Against Hardrada.

VOICE.

Little ! we are Danes,
Who conquer'd what we walk on, our own field.

HAROLD.

They have been plotting here ! [*Aside.*

VOICE.

He calls us little !

HAROLD.

The kingdoms of this world began with little,
A hill, a fort, a city—that reach'd a hand
Down to the field beneath it, 'Be thou mine,'
Then to the next, 'Thou also—' if the field
Cried out 'I am mine own ;' another hill
Or fort, or city, took it, and the first
Fell, and the next became an Empire.

VOICE.

Yet

Thou art but a West Saxon : *we* are Danes !

HAROLD.

My mother is a Dane, and I am English ;
There is a pleasant fable in old books,
Ye take a stick, and break it ; bind a score
All in one faggot, snap it over knee,
Ye cannot.

VOICE.

Hear King Harold ! he says true !

HAROLD.

Would ye be Norsemen ?

VOICES.

No !

HAROLD.

Or Norman ?

VOICES.

No !

HAROLD.

Snap not the faggot-band then.

VOICE.

That is true !

VOICE.

Ay, but thou art not kingly, only grandson
To Wulfnoth, a poor cow-herd.

HAROLD.

This old Wulfnoth
Would take me on his knees and tell me tales
Of Alfred and of Athelstan the Great
Who drove you Danes ; and yet he held that Dane,
Jute, Angle, Saxon, were or should be all
One England, for this cow-herd, like my father,
Who shook the Norman scoundrels off the throne,
Had in him kingly thoughts—a king of men,
Not made but born, like the great king of all,
A light among the oxen.

VOICE.

That is true !

VOICE.

Ay, and I love him now, for mine own father
Was great, and cobbled.

VOICE.

Thou art Tostig's brother,
Who wastes the land.

HAROLD.

This brother comes to save
Your land from waste ; I saved it once before,
For when your people banish'd Tostig hence,
And Edward would have sent a host against you,
Then I, who loved my brother, bad^e the king
Who doted on him, sanction your decree
Of Tostig's banishment, and choice of Morcar,
To help the realm from scattering.

VOICE.

King ! thy brother,
If one may dare to speak the truth, was wrong'd,
Wild was he, born so : but the plots against him
Had madden'd tamer men.

MORCAR.

Thou art one of those
Who brake into Lord Tostig's treasure-house
And slew two hundred of his following,
And now, when Tostig hath come back with power,
Are frighted back to Tostig.

OLD THANE.

Ugh ! Plots and feuds !
This is my ninetieth birthday. Can ye not

Be brethren? Godwin still at feud with Alfgar,
And Alfgar hates King Harold. Plots and feuds!
This is my ninetieth birthday!

HAROLD.

Old man, Harold
Hates nothing; not *his* fault, if our two houses
Be less than brothers.

VOICES.

Aldwyth, Harold, Aldwyth!

HAROLD.

Again! Morcar! Edwin! What do they mean?

EDWIN.

So the good king would deign to lend an ear
Not overscornful, we might chance—perchance—
To guess their meaning.

MORCAR.

Thine own meaning, Harold,
To make all England one, to close all feuds,
Mixing our bloods, that thence a king may rise
Half-Godwin and half-Alfgar, one to rule
All England beyond question, beyond quarrel.

HAROLD.

Who sow'd this fancy here among the people?

MORCAR.

Who knows what sows itself among the people?
A goodly flower at times.

HAROLD.

The Queen of Wales?

Why, Morcar, it is all but duty in her
To hate me; I have heard she hates me.

MORCAR.

No!

For I can swear to that, but cannot swear
That these will follow thee against the Norsemen,
If thou deny them this.

HAROLD.

Morcar and Edwin,
When will ye cease to plot against my house?

EDWIN.

The king can scarcely dream that we, who know
His prowess in the mountains of the West,
Should care to plot against him in the North.

MORCAR.

Who dares arraign us, king, of such a plot ?

HAROLD.

Ye heard one witness even now.

MORCAR.

The craven !

There is a faction risen again for Tostig,
Since Tostig came with Norway—fright not love.

HAROLD.

Morcar and Edwin, will ye, if I yield,
Follow against the Norseman ?

MORCAR.

Surely, surely !

HAROLD.

Morcar and Edwin, will ye upon oath,
Help us against the Norman ?

MORCAR.

With good will ;
Yea, take the Sacrament upon it, king.

HAROLD.

Where is thy sister ?

MORCAR.

Somewhere hard at hand,

Call and she comes. [*One goes out, then enter ALDWYTH.*]

HAROLD.

I doubt not but thou knowest

Why thou art summon'd.

ALDWYTH.

Why ?—I stay with these,

Lest thy fierce Tostig spy me out alone,

And flay me all alive.

HAROLD.

Canst thou love one

Who did discrown thine husband, unqueen thee ?

Didst thou not love thine husband ?

ALDWYTH.

Oh ! my lord,

The nimble, wild, red, wiry, savage king—

That was, my lord, a match of policy.

HAROLD.

Was it ?

I knew him brave : he loved his land : he fain
Had made her great : his finger on her harp
(I heard him more than once) had in it Wales,
Her floods, her woods, her hills : had I been his,
I had been all Welsh.

ALDWYTH.

Oh, ay—all Welsh—and yet

I saw thee drive him up his hills—and women
Cling to the conquer'd, if they love, the more ;
If not, they cannot hate the conqueror.
We never—oh ! good Morcar, speak for us,
His conqueror conquer'd Aldwyth.

HAROLD.

Goodly news !

MORCAR.

Doubt it not thou ! Since Griffyth's head was sent
To Edward, she hath said it.

HAROLD.

I had rather

She would have loved her husband. Aldwyth, Aldwyth,
Canst thou love me, thou knowing where I love ?

ALDWYTH.

I can, my lord, for mine own sake, for thine,
For England, for thy poor white dove, who flutters
Between thee and the porch, but then would find
Her nest within the cloister, and be still.

HAROLD.

Canst thou love one, who cannot love again ?

ALDWYTH.

Full hope have I that love will answer love.

HAROLD.

Then in the name of the great God, so be it !
Come, Aldred, join our hands before the hosts,
That all may see.

[ALDRED *joins the hands of* HAROLD *and*
ALDWYTH *and blesses them.*

VOICES.

Harold, Harold and Aldwyth !

HAROLD.

Set forth our golden Dragon, let him flap

The wings that beat down Wales !
Advance our Standard of the Warrior,
Dark among gems and gold ; and thou, brave banner,
Blaze like a night of fatal stars on those
Who read their doom and die.
Where lie the Norsemen ? on the Derwent ? ay
At Stamford-bridge.
Morcar, collect thy men ; Edwin, my friend—
Thou lingerest.—Gurth,—
Last night King Edward came to me in dreams—
The rosy face and long down-silvering beard—
He told me I should conquer :—
I am no woman to put faith in dreams.

(To his army.)

Last night King Edward came to me in dreams,
And told me we should conquer.

VOICES.

Forward ! Forward !

Harold and Holy Cross !

ALDWYTH.

The day is won !

SCENE II.—A PLAIN. BEFORE THE BATTLE
OF STAMFORD-BRIDGE.HAROLD *and his Guard.*

HAROLD.

Who is it comes this way? Tostig? (*Enter TOSTIG
with a small force.*) O brother,
What art thou doing here?

TOSTIG.

I am foraging
For Norway's army.

HAROLD.

I could take and slay thee.
Thou art in arms against us.

TOSTIG.

Take and slay me,
For Edward loved me.

HAROLD.

Edward bad me spare thee.

TOSTIG.

I hate King Edward for he join'd with thee
To drive me outlaw'd. Take and slay me, I say,
Or I shall count thee fool.

HAROLD.

Take thee, or free thee,
Free thee or slay thee, Norway will have war ;
No man would strike with Tostig, save for Norway.
Thou art nothing in thine England, save for Norway
Who loves not thee but war. What dost thou here,
Trampling thy mother's bosom into blood ?

TOSTIG.

She hath wean'd me from it with such bitterness.
I come for mine own Earldom, my Northumbria ;
Thou hast given it to the enemy of our house.

HAROLD.

Northumbria threw thee off, she will not have thee,
Thou hast misused her : and, O crowning crime !
Hast murder'd thine own guest, the son of Orm
Gamel, at thine own hearth.

TOSTIG.

The slow, fat fool !

He drawl'd and prated so, I smote him suddenly,
I knew not what I did.

HAROLD.

Come back to us,
Know what thou dost, and we may find for thee,
So thou be chasten'd by thy banishment,
Some easier Earldom.

TOSTIG.

What for Norway then ?
He looks for land among you, he and his.

HAROLD.

Seven feet of English land, or something more,
Seeing he is a giant.

TOSTIG.

O brother, brother,
O Harold—

HAROLD.

Nay then come thou back to us !

TOSTIG.

Never shall any man say that I, that Tostig
Conjured the mightier Harold from his North

To do the battle for me here in England,
Then left him for the meaner ! thee !—
Thou hast no passion for the House of Godwin—
Thou hast but cared to make thyself a king—
Thou hast sold me for a cry.—
Thou gavest thy voice against me in the Council—
I hate thee, and despise thee, and defy thee.
Farewell for ever ! [*Exit.*

HAROLD.

On to Stamford-bridge !

SCENE III.—AFTER THE BATTLE OF STAM-
FORD-BRIDGE. BANQUET.

HAROLD *and* ALDWYTH. GURTH, LEOFWIN, MORCAR,
EDWIN, *and other* Earls *and* Thanes.

VOICES.

Hail ! Harold ! Aldwyth ! hail, bridegroom and bride !

ALDWYTH (*talking with* HAROLD).

Answer them thou !

Is this our marriage-banquet ? Would the wines

Of wedding had been dash'd into the cups
Of victory, and our marriage and thy glory
Been drunk together ! these poor hands but sew,
Spin, broider—would that they were man's to have held
The battle-axe by thee !

HAROLD.

There *was* a moment
When being forced aloof from all my guard,
And striking at Hardrada and his madmen
I had wish'd for any weapon.

ALDWYTH.

Why art thou sad ?

HAROLD.

I have lost the boy who play'd at ball with me,
With whom I fought another fight than this
Of Stamford-bridge.

ALDWYTH.

Ay ! ay ! thy victories
Over our own poor Wales, when at thy side
He conquer'd with thee.

HAROLD.

No—the childish fist
That cannot strike again.

ALDWYTH.

Thou art too kindly.
Why didst thou let so many Norsemen hence ?
Thy fierce forekings had clench'd their pirate hides
To the bleak church doors, like kites upon a barn.

HAROLD.

Is there so great a need to tell thee why ?

ALDWYTH.

Yea, am I not thy wife ?

VOICES.

Hail, Harold, Aldwyth !
Bridegroom and bride !

ALDWYTH.

Answer them ! [To HAROLD.]

HAROLD (*to all*).

Earls and Thanes !
Full thanks for your fair greeting of my bride !
Earls, Thanes, and all our countrymen ! the day,

Our day beside the Derwent will not shine
Less than a star among the goldenest hours
Of Alfred, or of Edward his great son,
Or Athelstan, or English Ironside
Who fought with Knut, or Knut who coming Dane
Died English. Every man about his king
Fought like a king ; the king like his own man,
No better ; one for all, and all for one,
One soul ! and therefore have we shatter'd back
The hugest wave from Norseland ever yet
Surged on us, and our battle-axes broken
The Raven's wing, and dumb'd his carrion croak
From the gray sea for ever. Many are gone—
Drink to the dead who died for us, the living
Who fought and would have died, but happier lived,
If happier be to live ; they both have life
In the large mouth of England, till *her* voice
Die with the world. Hail—hail !

MORCAR.

May all invaders perish like Hardrada !
All traitors fail like Tostig ! [*All drink but HAROLD.*]

ALDWYTH.

Thy cup's full !

HAROLD.

I saw the hand of Tostig cover it.
Our dear, dead, traitor-brother, Tostig, him
Reverently we buried. Friends, had I been here,
Without too large self-lauding I must hold
The sequel had been other than his league
With Norway, and this battle. Peace be with him!
He was not of the worst. If there be those
At banquet in this hall, and hearing me—
For there be those I fear who prick'd the lion
To make him spring, that sight of Danish blood
Might serve an end not English—peace with them
Likewise, if *they* can be at peace with what
God gave us to divide us from the wolf!

ALDWYTH (*aside to HAROLD*).

Make not our Morcar sullen : it is not wise.

HAROLD.

Hail to the living who fought, the dead who fell!

VOICES.

Hail, hail!

FIRST THANE.

How ran that answer which King Harold gave
To his dead namesake, when he ask'd for England?

LEOFWIN.

‘Seven feet of English earth, or something more,
Seeing he is a giant!’

FIRST THANE.

Then for the bastard
Six feet and nothing more!

LEOFWIN.

Ay, but belike
Thou hast not learnt his measure.

FIRST THANE.

By St. Edmund
I over-measure him. Sound sleep to the man
Here by dead Norway without dream or dawn!

SECOND THANE.

What is he bragging still that he will come
To thrust our Harold’s throne from under him?
My nurse would tell me of a molehill crying
To a mountain ‘Stand aside and room for me!’

FIRST THANE.

Let him come! let him come. Here’s to him, sink or
swim! [*Drinks.*

SECOND THANE.

God sink him !

FIRST THANE.

Cannot hands which had the strength
To shove that stranded iceberg off our shores,
And send the shatter'd North again to sea,
Scuttle his cockle-shell ? What's Brunanburg
To Stamford-bridge ? a war-crash, and so hard,
So loud, that, by St. Dunstan, old St. Thor—
By God, we thought him dead—but our old Thor
Heard his own thunder again, and woke and came
Among us again, and mark'd the sons of those
Who made this Britain England, break the North :

Mark'd how the war-axe swang,
Heard how the war-horn sang,
Mark'd how the spear-head sprang,
Heard how the shield-wall rang,
Iron on iron clang,
Anvil on hammer bang—

SECOND THANE.

Hammer on anvil, hammer on anvil. Old dog,
Thou art drunk, old dog !

FIRST THANE.

Too drunk to fight with thee !

SECOND THANE.

Fight thou with thine own double, not with me,
Keep that for Norman William !

FIRST THANE.

Down with William !

THIRD THANE.

The washerwoman's brat !

FOURTH THANE.

The tanner's bastard !

FIFTH THANE.

The Falaise byblow !

[Enter a Thane, from Pevensey, spatter'd with mud.]

HAROLD.

Ay, but what late guest,
As haggard as a fast of forty days,
And caked and plaster'd with a hundred mires,
Hath stumbled on our cups ?

THANE *from Pevensey.*

My lord the King!
William the Norman, for the wind had changed—

HAROLD.

I felt it in the middle of that fierce fight
At Stamford-bridge. William hath landed, ha?

THANE *from Pevensey.*

Landed at Pevensey—I am from Pevensey—
Hath wasted all the land at Pevensey—
Hath harried mine own cattle—God confound him!
I have ridden night and day from Pevensey—
A thousand ships, a hundred thousand men—
Thousands of horses, like as many lions
Neighing and roaring as they leapt to land—

HAROLD.

How oft in coming hast thou broken bread?

THANE *from Pevensey.*

Some thrice, or so.

HAROLD.

Bring not thy hollowness
On our full feast. Famine is fear, were it but

Of being starved. Sit down, sit down, and eat,
And, when again red-blooded, speak again ;

(Aside.)

The men that guarded England to the South
Were scatter'd to the harvest. . . . No power mine
To hold their force together. . . . Many are fallen
At Stamford-bridge. . . . the people stupid-sure
Sleep like their swine. . . . in South and North at once
I could not be.

(Aloud.)

Gurth, Leofwin, Morcar, Edwin !

(Pointing to the revellers.) The curse of England ! these
are drown'd in wassail,

And cannot see the world but thro' their wines !
Leave them ! and thee too, Aldwyth, must I leave—
Harsh is the news ! hard is our honeymoon !

Thy pardon. *(Turning round to his attendants.)* Break
the banquet up . . . Ye four !

And thou, my carrier-pigeon of black news,
Cram thy crop full, but come when thou art call'd.

[Exit HAROLD.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A TENT ON A MOUND, FROM
WHICH CAN BE SEEN THE FIELD OF
SENLAC.

HAROLD, *sitting* ; *by him standing* HUGH MARGOT the
Monk, GURTH, LEOFWIN.

HAROLD.

Refer my cause, my crown to Rome ! . . . The wolf
Mudded the brook, and predetermined all.

Monk,

Thou hast said thy say, and had my constant 'No'
For all but instant battle. I hear no more.

MARGOT.

Hear me again—for the last time. Arise,
Scatter thy people home, descend the hill,
Lay hands of full allegiance in thy Lord's
And crave his mercy, for the Holy Father
Hath given this realm of England to the Norman.

HAROLD.

Then for the last time, monk, I ask again
When had the Lateran and the Holy Father
To do with England's choice of her own king?

MARGOT.

Earl, the first Christian Cæsar drew to the East
To leave the Pope dominion in the West.
He gave him all the kingdoms of the West.

HAROLD.

So!—did he?—Earl—I have a mind to play
The William with thine eyesight and thy tongue.
Earl—ay—thou art but a messenger of William.
I am weary—go : make me not wroth with thee !

MARGOT.

Mock-king, I am the messenger of God,
His Norman Daniel ! Mene, Mene, Tekel !
Is thy wrath Hell, that I should spare to cry,
Yon heaven is wroth with *thee* ? Hear me again !
Our Saints have moved the Church that moves the
world,
And all the Heavens and very God : they heard—
They know King Edward's promise and thine—thine.

HAROLD.

Should they not know free England crowns herself?
Not know that he nor I had power to promise?
Not know that Edward cancell'd his own promise?
And for *my* part therein —Back to that juggler, (*rising*)
Tell him the Saints are nobler than he dreams,
Tell him that God is nobler than the Saints,
And tell him we stand arm'd on Senlac Hill,
And bide the doom of God.

MARGOT.

Hear it thro' me.
The realm for which thou art forsworn is cursed,
The babe enwomb'd and at the breast is cursed,
The corpse thou whelme'st with thine earth is cursed,
The soul who fighteth on thy side is cursed,
The seed thou sowest in thy field is cursed,
The steer wherewith thou plowest thy field is cursed,
The fowl that fleeth o'er thy field is cursed,
And thou, usurper, liar—

HAROLD.

Out, beast monk !

[*Lifting his hand to strike him.* GURTH stops the blow.

I ever hated monks.

MARGOT.

I am but a voice
Among you : murder, martyr me if ye will —

HAROLD.

Thanks, Gurth ! The simple, silent, selfless man
Is worth a world of tonguesters. (*To MARGOT.*) Get
thee gone !
He means the thing he says. See him out safe !

LEOFWIN.

He hath blown himself as red as fire with curses.
An honest fool ! Follow me, honest fool,
But if thou blurt thy curse among our folk,
I know not—I may give that egg-bald head
The tap that silences.

HAROLD.

See him out safe.

[Exeunt LEOFWIN and MARGOT.]

GURTH.

Thou hast lost thine even temper, brother Harold !

HAROLD.

Gurth, when I past by Waltham, my foundation
For men who serve the neighbour, not themselves,

I cast me down prone, praying ; and, when I rose,
They told me that the Holy Rood had lean'd
And bow'd above me ; whether that which held it
Had weaken'd, and the Rood itself were bound
To that necessity which binds us down ;
Whether it bow'd at all but in their fancy ;
Or if it bow'd, whether it symbol'd ruin
Or glory, who shall tell ? but they were sad,
And somewhat sadden'd me.

GURTH.

Yet if a fear,
Or shadow of a fear, lest the strange Saints
By whom thou swarest, should have power to balk
Thy puissance in this fight with him, who made
And heard thee swear—brother—I have not sworn—
If the king fall, may not the kingdom fall ?
But if I fall, I fall, and thou art king ;
And, if I win, I win, and thou art king ;
Draw thou to London, there make strength to breast
Whatever chance, but leave this day to me.

LEOFWIN (*entering*).

And waste the land about thee as thou goest,
And be thy hand as winter on the field,
To leave the foe no forage.

HAROLD.

Noble Gurth !

Best son of Godwin ! If I fall, I fall—
The doom of God ! How should the people fight
When the king flies ? And, Leofwin, art thou mad ?
How should the King of England waste the fields
Of England, his own people ?—No glance yet
Of the Northumbrian helmet on the heath ?

LEOFWIN.

No, but a shoal of wives upon the heath,
And someone saw thy willy-nilly nun
Vying a tress against our golden fern.

HAROLD.

Vying a tear with our cold dew, a sigh
With these low-moaning heavens. Let her be fetch'd.
We have parted from our wife without reproach,
Tho' we have dived thro' all her practices ;
And that is well.

LEOFWIN.

I saw her even now :
She hath not left us.

HAROLD.

Nought of Morcar then ?

GURTH.

Nor seen, nor heard ; thine, William's or his own
As wind blows, or tide flows : belike he watches,
If this war-storm in one of its rough rolls
Wash up that old crown of Northumberland.

HAROLD.

I married her for Morcar—a sin against
The truth of love. Evil for good, it seems,
Is oft as childless of the good as evil
For evil.

LEOFWIN.

Good for good hath borne at times
A bastard false as William.

HAROLD.

Ay, if Wisdom
Pair'd not with Good. But I am somewhat worn,
A snatch of sleep were like the peace of God.
Gurth, Leofwin, go once more about the hill—
What did the dead man call it—Sanguelac,
The lake of blood ?

LEOFWIN.

A lake that dips in William
As well as Harold.

HAROLD.

Like enough. I have seen
The trenches dug, the palisades uprear'd
And wattled thick with ash and willow-wands ;
Yea, wrought at them myself. Go round once more ;
See all be sound and whole. No Norman horse
Can shatter England, standing shield by shield ;
Tell that again to all.

GURTH.

I will, good brother.

HAROLD.

Our guardsman hath but toil'd his hand and foot,
I hand, foot, heart and head. Some wine ! (*One pours
wine into a goblet, which he hands to HAROLD.*)
Too much !

What ? we must use our battle-axe to-day.
Our guardsmen have slept well, since we came in ?

LEOFWIN.

Ay, slept and snored. Your second-sighted man
That scared the dying conscience of the king,
Misheard their snores for groans. They are up again
And chanting that old song of Brunanburg
Where England conquer'd.

HAROLD.

That is well. The Norman,
What is he doing?

LEOFWIN.

Praying for Normandy ;
Our scouts have heard the tinkle of their bells.

HAROLD.

And our old songs are prayers for England too!
But by all Saints—

LEOFWIN.

Barring the Norman !

HAROLD.

Nay,
Were the great trumpet blowing doomsday dawn,
I needs must rest. Call when the Norman moves—

[*Exeunt all, but HAROLD.*

No horse—thousands of horses—our shield wall—
Wall—break it not—break not—break— [Sleeps.]

VISION OF EDWARD.

Son Harold, I thy king, who came before
To tell thee thou should'st win at Stamford-bridge

Come yet once more, from where I am at peace,
Because I loved thee in my mortal day,
To tell thee thou shalt die on Senlac hill—
Sanguelac !

VISION OF WULFNOTH.

O brother, from my ghastly oubliette
I send my voice across the narrow seas—
No more, no more, dear brother, nevermore—
Sanguelac !

VISION OF TOSTIG.

O brother, most unbrotherlike to me,
Thou gavest thy voice against me in my life,
I give my voice against thee from the grave—
Sanguelac !

VISION OF NORMAN SAINTS.

O hapless Harold ! King but for an hour !
Thou swarest falsely by our blessed bones,
We give our voice against thee out of heaven !
Sanguelac ! Sanguelac ! The arrow ! the arrow !

HAROLD (*starting up, battle-axe in hand*).

Away !

My battle-axe against your voices. Peace !
The king's last word—'the arrow !' I shall die—

I die for England then, who lived for England—
What nobler? men must die.
I cannot fall into a falser world—
I have done no man wrong. Tostig, poor brother,
Art *thou* so anger'd?
Fain had I kept thine earldom in thy hands
Save for thy wild and violent will that wrench'd
All hearts of freemen from thee. I could do
No other than this way advise the king
Against the race of Godwin. Is it possible
That mortal men should bear their earthly heats
Into yon bloodless world, and threaten us thence
Unschool'd of Death? Thus then thou art revenged—
I left our England naked to the South
To meet thee in the North. The Norseman's raid
Hath helpt the Norman, and the race of Godwin
Hath ruin'd Godwin. No—our waking thoughts
Suffer a stormless shipwreck in the pools
Of sullen slumber, and arise again
Disjointed : only dreams—where mine own self
Takes part against myself! Why? for a spark
Of self-disdain born in me when I swear
Falsely to him, the falser Norman, over
His gilded ark of mummy-saints, by whom
I knew not that I swear,—not for myself—
For England—yet not wholly—

(*Enter* EDITH.)

Edith, Edith,

Get thou into thy cloister as the king
Will'd it : be safe : the perjury-mongering Count
Hath made too good an use of Holy Church
To break her close ! There the great God of truth
Fill all thine hours with peace !—A lying devil
Hath haunted me—mine oath—my wife—I fain
Had made my marriage not a lie ; I could not :
Thou art my bride ! and thou in after years
Praying perchance for this poor soul of mine
In cold, white cells beneath an icy moon—
This memory to thee!—and this to England,
My legacy of war against the Pope
From child to child, from Pope to Pope, from age to age,
Till the sea wash her level with her shores,
Or till the Pope be Christ's.

Enter ALDWYTH.

ALDWYTH (*to* EDITH).

Away from him !

EDITH.

I will . . . I have not spoken to the king
One word ; and one I must. Farewell !

[*Going.*

HAROLD.

Not yet.

Stay.

EDITH.

To what use?

HAROLD.

The king commands thee, woman!

(To ALDWYTH.)

Have thy two brethren sent their forces in?

ALDWYTH.

Nay, I fear, not.

HAROLD.

Then there's no force in thee!

Thou didst possess thyself of Edward's ear

To part me from the woman that I loved!

Thou didst arouse the fierce Northumbrians!

Thou hast been false to England and to me!—

As . . . in some sort . . . I have been false to thee.

Leave me. No more—Pardon on both sides—Go!

ALDWYTH.

Alas, my lord, I loved thee.

HAROLD (*bitterly*).

With a love
Passing thy love for Griffyth ! wherefore now
Obey my first and last commandment. Go !

ALDWYTH.

O Harold ! husband ! Shall we meet again ?

HAROLD.

After the battle—after the battle. Go.

ALDWYTH.

I go. (*Aside.*) That I could stab her standing there ![*Exit* ALDWYTH.]

EDITH.

Alas, my lord, she loved thee.

HAROLD.

Never ! never !

EDITH.

I saw it in her eyes !

HAROLD.

I see it in thine.

And not on thee—nor England—fall God's doom !

EDITH.

On *thee?* on me. And thou art England! Alfred
Was England. Ethelred was nothing. England
Is but her king, and thou art Harold!

HAROLD.

Edith,

The sign in heaven—the sudden blast at sea—
My fatal oath—the dead Saints—the dark dreams—
The Pope's Anathema—the Holy Rood
That bow'd to me at Waltham—Edith, if
I, the last English King of England—

EDITH.

No,

First of a line that coming from the people,
And chosen by the people—

HAROLD.

And fighting for
And dying for the people—

EDITH.

Living! living!

HAROLD.

Yea so, good cheer ! thou art Harold, I am Edith !
Look not thus wan !

EDITH.

What matters how I look ?
Have we not broken Wales and Norseland ? slain,
Whose life was all one battle, incarnate war,
Their giant-king, a mightier man-in-arms
Than William.

HAROLD.

Ay, my girl, no tricks in him—
No bastard he ! when all was lost, he yell'd,
And bit his shield, and dash'd it on the ground,
And swaying his two-handed sword about him,
Two deaths at every swing, ran in upon us
And died so, and I loved him as I hate
This liar who made me liar. If Hate can kill,
And Loathing wield a Saxon battle-axe—

EDITH.

Waste not thy might before the battle !

HAROLD.

No,

And thou must hence. Stigand will see thee safe,

And so—Farewell. *[He is going, but turns back.]*

The ring thou dardest not wear,
I have had it fashion'd, see, to meet my hand.

[HAROLD shows the ring which is on his finger.]

Farewell! *[He is going, but turns back again.]*

I am dead as Death this day to ought of earth's
Save William's death or mine.

EDITH.

Thy death!—to-day!

Is it not thy birthday?

HAROLD.

Ay, that happy day!

A birthday welcome! happy days and many!

One—this! *[They embrace.]*

Look, I will bear thy blessing into the battle
And front the doom of God.

NORMAN CRIES *(heard in the distance)*.

Ha Rou! Ha Rou!

Enter GURTH.

GURTH.

The Norman moves!

HAROLD.

Harold and Holy Cross!

[*Exeunt* HAROLD and GURTH.]*Enter* STIGAND.

STIGAND.

Our Church in arms—the lamb the lion—not
Spear into pruning-hook—the counter way—
Cowl, helm ; and crozier, battle-axe. Abbot Alfwig,
Leofric, and all the monks of Peterboro'
Strike for the king ; but I, old wretch, old Stigand,
With hands too limp to brandish iron—and yet
I have a power—would Harold ask me for it—
I have a power.

EDITH.

What power, holy father?

STIGAND.

Power now from Harold to command thee hence
And see thee safe from Senlac.

EDITH.

I remain !

STIGAND.

Yea, so will I, daughter, until I find

Which way the battle balance. I can see it
From where we stand : and, live or die, I would
I were among them !

CANONS *from Waltham (singing without).*

Salva patriam
Sancte Pater,
Salva Fili,
Salva Spiritus,
Salva patriam,
Sancta Mater.*

EDITH.

Are those the blessed angels quiring, father ?

STIGAND.

No, daughter, but the canons out of Waltham,
The king's foundation, that have follow'd him.

EDITH.

O God of battles, make their wall of shields
Firm as thy cliffs, strengthen their palisades !
What is that whirring sound ?

* The *a* throughout these hymns should be sounded broad, as in
'father.'

STIGAND.

The Norman arrow !

EDITH.

Look out upon the battle—is he safe ?

STIGAND.

The king of England stands between his banners.

He glitters on the crowning of the hill.

God save king Harold !

EDITH.

—chosen by his people

And fighting for his people !

STIGAND.

There is one

Come as Goliath came of yore—he flings

His brand in air and catches it again,

He is chanting some old warsong.

EDITH.

And no David

To meet him?

STIGAND.

Ay, there springs a Saxon on him,
Falls—and another falls.

EDITH.

Have mercy on us !

STIGAND.

Lo ! our good Gurth hath smitten him to the death.

EDITH.

So perish all the enemies of Harold !

CANONS (*singing*).

Hostis in Angliam

Ruit prædator,

Illorum, Domine,

Scutum scindatur !

Hostis per Angliæ

Plagas bacchatur ;

Casa crematur,

Pastor fugatur

Grex trucidatur—

STIGAND.

Illos trucidā, Domine.

EDITH.

Ay, good father.

CANONS (*singing*).

Illorum scelera

Pœna sequatur !

ENGLISH CRIES.

Harold and Holy Cross ! Out ! out !

STIGAND.

Our javelins

Answer their arrows. All the Norman foot
Are storming up the hill. The range of knights
Sit, each a statue on his horse, and wait.

ENGLISH CRIES.

Harold and God Almighty !

NORMAN CRIES.

Ha Rou ! Ha Rou !

CANONS (*singing*).

Eques cum pedite

Præpediatur !

Illorum in lacrymas

Cruor fundatur !

Pereant, pereant,

Anglia precatur.

STIGAND.

Look, daughter, look.

EDITH.

Nay, father, look for *me* !

STIGAND.

Our axes lighten with a single flash

About the summit of the hill, and heads

And arms are sliver'd off and splinter'd by

Their lightning—and they fly—the Norman flies.

EDITH.

Stigand, O father, have we won the day ?

STIGAND.

No, daughter, no—they fall behind the horse—

Their horse are thronging to the barricades ;
I see the gonfanon of Holy Peter
Floating above their helmets—ha ! he is down !

EDITH.

He down ! Who down ?

STIGAND.

The Norman Count is down.

EDITH.

So perish all the enemies of England !

STIGAND.

No, no, he hath risen again—he bares his face—
Shouts something—he points onward—all their horse
Swallow the hill locust-like, swarming up.

EDITH.

O God of battles, make his battle-axe keen
As thine own sharp-dividing justice, heavy
As thine own bolts that fall on crimeful heads
Charged with the weight of heaven wherefrom they
fall !

CANONS (*singing*).

Jacta tonitrua

Deus bellator !

Surgas e tenebris,

Sis vindicator !

Fulmina, fulmina

Deus vastator!

EDITH.

O God of battles, they are three to one,
Make thou one man as three to roll them down !

CANONS (*singing*).

Equus cum equite

Dejiciatur !

Acies, Acies

Prona sternatur !

Illorum lanceas

Frangere Creator !

STIGAND.

Yea, yea, for how their lances snap and shiver
Against the shifting blaze of Harold's axe !
War-woodman of old Woden, how he fells
The mortal copse of faces ! There ! And there !
The horse and horseman cannot meet the shield.

The blow that brains the horseman cleaves the horse,
The horse and horseman roll along the hill,
They fly once more, they fly, the Norman flies !

Equus cum equite
Præcipitatur.

EDITH.

O God, the God of truth hath heard my cry.
Follow them, follow them, drive them to the sea !

Illorum scelera
Pœna sequatur !

STIGAND.

Truth ! no ; a lie ; a trick, a Norman trick !
They turn on the pursuer, horse against foot,
They murder all that follow.

EDITH.

Have mercy on us !

STIGAND.

Hot-headed fools—to burst the wall of shields !
They have broken the commandment of the king !

EDITH.

His oath was broken—O holy Norman Saints,

Ye that are now of heaven, and see beyond
Your Norman shrines, pardon it, pardon it,
That he forswore himself for all he loved,
Me, me and all ! Look out upon the battle !

STIGAND.

They thunder again upon the barricades.
My sight is eagle, but the strife so thick—
This is the hottest of it : hold, ash ! hold, willow !

ENGLISH CRIES.

Out, out !

NORMAN CRIES.

Ha Rou !

STIGAND.

Ha ! Gurth hath leapt upon him
And slain him : he hath fallen.

EDITH.

And I am heard.
Glory to God in the Highest ! fallen, fallen !

STIGAND.

No, no, his horse—he mounts another—wields

His war-club, dashes it on Gurth, and Gurth,
Our noble Gurth, is down !

EDITH.

Have mercy on us !

STIGAND.

And Leofwin is down !

EDITH.

Have mercy on us !

O Thou that knowest, let not my strong prayer
Be weaken'd in thy sight, because I love
The husband of another !

NORMAN CRIES.

Ha Rou ! Ha Rou !

EDITH.

I do not hear our English war-cry.

STIGAND.

No.

EDITH.

Look out upon the battle—is he safe ?

STIGAND.

He stands between the banners with the dead
So piled about him he can hardly move.

EDITH (*takes up the war-cry*).

Out ! out !

NORMAN CRIES.

Ha Rou !

EDITH (*cries out*).

Harold and Holy Cross !

NORMAN CRIES.

Ha Rou ! Ha Rou !

EDITH.

What is that whirring sound ?

STIGAND.

The Norman sends his arrows up to Heaven,
They fall on those within the palisade !

EDITH.

Look out upon the hill—is Harold there ?

STIGAND.

Sanguelac—Sanguelac—the arrow—the arrow !—away !

SCENE II.—FIELD OF THE DEAD. NIGHT.

ALDWYTH *and* EDITH.

ALDWYTH.

O Edith, art thou here? O Harold, Harold—
Our Harold—we shall never see him more.

EDITH.

For there was more than sister in my kiss,
And so the saints were wroth. I cannot love them,
For they are Norman saints—and yet I should—
They are so much holier than their harlot's son
With whom they play'd their game against the king!

ALDWYTH.

The king is slain, the kingdom overthrown!

EDITH.

No matter!

ALDWYTH.

How no matter, Harold slain?—
I cannot find his body. O help me thou!

O Edith, if I ever wrought against thee,
Forgive me thou, and help me here !

EDITH.

No matter !

ALDWYTH.

Not help me, nor forgive me ?

EDITH.

So thou saidest.

ALDWYTH.

I say it now, forgive me !

EDITH.

Cross me not !

I am seeking one who wedded me in secret.
Whisper ! God's angels only know it. Ha !
What art *thou* doing here among the dead ?
They are stripping the dead bodies naked yonder,
And thou art come to rob them of their rings !

ALDWYTH.

O Edith, Edith, I have lost both crown
And husband.

EDITH.

So have I.

ALDWYTH.

I tell thee, girl,

I am seeking my dead Harold.

EDITH.

And I mine !

The Holy Father strangled him with a hair
Of Peter, and his brother Tostig helpt ;
The wicked sister clapt her hands and laugh'd ;
Then all the dead fell on him.

ALDWYTH.

Edith, Edith—

EDITH.

What was he like, this husband ? like to thee ?
Call not for help from me. I knew him not.
He lies not here : not close beside the standard.
Here fell the truest, manliest hearts of England.
Go further hence and find him.

ALDWYTH.

She is crazed !

EDITH.

That doth not matter either. Lower the light.
He must be here.

*Enter two Canons, OSGOD and ATHELRIC, with torches.
They turn over the dead bodies and examine them as
they pass.*

OSGOD.

I think that this is Thurkill.

ATHELRIC.

More likely Godric.

OSGOD.

I am sure this body
Is Alfwig, the king's uncle.

ATHELRIC.

So it is !

No, no—brave Gurth, one gash from brow to knee !

OSGOD.

And here is Leofwin.

EDITH.

And here is *He!*

ALDWYTH.

Harold? Oh no—nay, if it were—my God,
They have so maim'd and murder'd all his face
There is no man can swear to him.

EDITH.

But one woman!

Look you, we never mean to part again.
I have found him, I am happy.
Was there not someone ask'd me for forgiveness?
I yield it freely, being the true wife
Of this dead King, who never bore revenge.

Enter COUNT WILLIAM and WILLIAM MALET.

WILLIAM.

Who be these women? And what body is this?

EDITH.

Harold, thy better!

WILLIAM.

Ay, and what art thou?

EDITH.

His wife!

MALET.

Not true, my girl, here is the Queen !

[*Pointing out* ALDWYTH.]WILLIAM (*to* ALDWYTH).

Wast thou his Queen ?

ALDWYTH.

I was the Queen of Wales.

WILLIAM.

Why then of England. Madam, fear us not.

(*To* MALET.)

Knowest thou this other ?

MALET.

When I visited England,
Some held she was his wife in secret—some—
Well—some believed she was his paramour.

EDITH.

Norman, thou liest ! liars all of you,
Your Saints and all ! *I* am his wife ! and she—
For look, our marriage ring !

[*She draws it off the finger of Harold.*]

I lost it somehow—

I lost it, playing with it when I was wild.

That bred the doubt ! but I am wiser now . . .

I am too wise . . . Will none among you all

Bear me true witness—only for this once—

That I have found it here again? [*She puts it on.*

And thou,

Thy wife am I for ever and evermore.

[*Falls on the body and dies.*

WILLIAM.

Death !—and enough of death for this one day,

The day of St. Calixtus, and the day,

My day, when I was born.

MALET.

And this dead king's,

Who, king or not, hath kinglike fought and fallen,

His birthday, too. It seems but yester-even

I held it with him in his English halls,

His day, with all his rooftree ringing 'Harold,'

Before he fell into the snare of Guy ;

When all men counted Harold would be king,

And Harold was most happy.

WILLIAM.

Thou art half English.

Take them away !

Malet, I vow to build a church to God

Here on this hill of battle ; let our high altar

Stand where their standard fell . . . where these two lie.

Take them away, I do not love to see them.

Pluck the dead woman off the dead man, Malet !

MALET.

Faster than ivy. Must I hack her arms off ?

How shall I part them ?

WILLIAM.

Leave them. Let them be !

Bury him and his paramour together.

He that was false in oath to me, it seems

Was false to his own wife. We will not give him

A Christian burial : yet he was a warrior,

And wise, yea truthful, till that blighted vow

Which God avenged to-day.

Wrap them together in a purple cloak

And lay them both upon the waste sea-shore

At Hastings, there to guard the land for which

He did forswear himself—a warrior—ay,

And but that Holy Peter fought for us,

And that the false Northumbrian held aloof,

And save for that chance arrow which the Saints

Sharpen'd and sent against him—who can tell?—
Three horses had I slain beneath me : twice
I thought that all was lost. Since I knew battle,
And that was from my boyhood, never yet—
No, by the splendour of God—have I fought men
Like Harold and his brethren, and his guard
Of English. Every man about his king
Fell where he stood. They loved him : and, pray God
My Normans may but move as true with me
To the door of death. Of one self-stock at first,
Make them again one people—Norman, English ;
And English, Norman ;—we should have a hand
To grasp the world with, and a foot to stamp it . . .
Flat. Praise the Saints. It is over. No more blood !
I am king of England, so they thwart me not,
And I will rule according to their laws.

(*To ALDWYTH.*)

Madam, we will entreat thee with all honour.

ALDWYTH.

My punishment is more than I can bear.

THE END.

LONDON:
BRADBURY, AGNEW, & CO., PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

PREPARING.

TENNYSON EXTRACTS

FOR SCHOOLS AND RECITATIONS.

Fcap. octavo, cloth.

QUEEN MARY:

A DRAMA.

A New Edition. Crown 8vo, Cloth, Price 6s.

EXTRACTS FROM SOME OF THE PRESS NOTICES.

The *Times* says—"We do not know where to look in post-Shaksperian English poetry for a poem, in which the true fire of the drama so burns."

The *Daily News* says—"We hardly know where in recent literature to look for a picture so consistent, so truthful, and so touching."

The *Spectator* says—"Will compare with something more than advantage with Shakspeare's Henry VIII. We should be surprised to hear that any true critic would rate Queen Mary, whether in dramatic force, or in general power, below Henry VIII."

The *Morning Post* says—"All that the Poet's most ardent admirers could have wished."

The *Standard* says—"A fine work of dramatic art."

The *Echo* says—"It has the true ring of genuine dramatic poetry."

The *Notes and Queries* says—"A dramatic poem that will live through all years."

THE AUTHOR'S EDITION,

COMPLETE IN FIVE VOLUMES.

Bound in cloth gilt.

CONTENTS.

| | s. | d. |
|---|----|----|
| Vol. I.—EARLY POEMS AND ENGLISH IDYLLS | 6 | 0 |
| II.—LOCKSLEY HALL, LUCRETIVS, AND OTHER POEMS . | 6 | 0 |
| III.—THE IDYLLS OF THE KING, complete | 7 | 6 |
| IV.—THE PRINCESS AND MAUD | 6 | 0 |
| V.—ENOCH ARDEN, AND IN MEMORIAM | 6 | 0 |

This Edition can also be had bound in half Morocco, Roxburgh, price 1s. 6d. per Vol. extra.

THE CABINET EDITION,

COMPLETE IN TEN VOLUMES.

Price 2s. 6d. each.

CONTENTS.

- Vol. I.—Early Poems. Illustrated with a Photographic Portrait of Mr. Alfred Tennyson.
- II.—English Idylls, and other Poems. Containing an Engraving of Mr. Alfred Tennyson's Residence at Aldworth.
- III.—Locksley Hall, and other Poems. With an Engraved Picture of Farrington.
- IV.—Lucretius, and other Poems. Containing an Engraving of a Scene in the Garden at Swainston.
- V.—Idylls of the King. With an Autotype of the Bust of Mr. Alfred Tennyson by T. Woolner, R.A.
- VI.—Idylls of the King. Illustrated with an Engraved Portrait of "Elaine," from a Photographic Study by Julia M. Cameron.
- VII.—Idylls of the King. Containing an Engraving of "Arthur," from a Photographic Study by Julia M. Cameron.
- VIII.—The Princess. With an Engraved Frontispiece.
- IX.—Maud and Enoch Arden. With a Picture of "Maud," taken from a Photographic Study by Julia M. Cameron.
- X.—In Memoriam. With a Steel Engraving of Arthur H. Hallam, engraved from a Picture in possession of the Author by J. C. Armitage.
- ** These Volumes may be had separately, or the Edition complete, in handsome ornamental case, price 28s.*

A NEW LIBRARY EDITION,

IN SIX HANDSOME OCTAVO VOLUMES.

To be Published Monthly. Vol. I. will appear January 1, 1877.

Price 10s. 6d. each in Cloth bevelled boards; 12s. 6d. in Roxburgh half Morocco, top edges gilt.

CONTENTS.

- Vol. I.—MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.
- II.—MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.
- III.—PRINCESS, AND OTHER POEMS.
- IV.—IN MEMORIAM, AND MAUD.
- V.—IDYLLS OF THE KING.
- VI.—IDYLLS OF THE KING.

Printed in large, clear old-faced type, on thick paper, with a Steel Engraved Portrait of the Author, the set complete, in cloth, price £3 3s., or in Roxburgh binding, price £3 15s.

THE MINIATURE EDITION,

COMPLETE IN ELEVEN VOLUMES.

CONTENTS.

Vol. I.—POEMS.

II.—POEMS.

III.—POEMS.

IV.—IDYLLS OF THE KING.

V.—IDYLLS OF THE KING.

VI.—IDYLLS OF THE KING.

Vol. VII.—IDYLLS OF THE KING.

VIII.—IN MEMORIAM.

IX.—PRINCESS.

X.—MAUD.

XI.—ENOCH ARDEN.

Bound in imitation vellum, ornamented in gilt and gilt edges, in case,
price 35s.

This Edition can also be had in plain binding and case, price 31s. 6d.

THE ORIGINAL EDITIONS.

Fcap. 8vo, Green Cloth Lettered.

| | s. | d. | | s. | d. |
|------------------------|----|----|-----------------------|----|----|
| POEMS | 6 | 0 | GARETH AND LYNETTE . | 3 | 0 |
| MAUD, AND OTHER POEMS | 3 | 6 | IDYLLS OF THE KING, | | |
| THE PRINCESS | 3 | 6 | complete | 6 | 0 |
| IDYLLS OF THE KING . . | 5 | 0 | ENOCH ARDEN | 3 | 6 |
| THE HOLY GRAIL | 4 | 6 | IN MEMORIAM | 4 | 0 |

Selections from the Works of Mr. Tennyson.

Super royal 16mo, cloth, price 3s. 6d., or gilt extra, price 4s.

Songs from the Works of Mr. Tennyson.

Super royal 16mo, cloth, gilt extra, price 3s. 6d.

The Idylls of the King, and Other Poems.

Illustrated by Julia Margaret Cameron.

Two Series, half-bound Morocco, cloth sides, each price £6 6s.

65, *Cornhill*, and 1, *Paternoster Square*,
London, December, 1876.

A LIST OF HENRY S. KING AND CO.'S PUBLICATIONS.

ABBEY (Henry).

**Ballads of Good Deeds,
and Other Verses.** Fcap. 8vo.
Cloth gilt, price 5s.

ABDULLA (Hakayit).

**Autobiography of a Malay
Munshi.** Translated by J. T.
Thomson, F. R. G. S. With Photo-
lithograph Page of Abdulla's MS.
Post 8vo. Cloth, price 12s.

ADAMS (A. L.), M.A., M.B., F.R.S., F.G.S.

**Field and Forest Rambles
of a Naturalist in New Bruns-
wick.** With Notes and Observations
on the Natural History of Eastern
Canada. Illustrated. 8vo. Cloth,
price 14s.

ADAMS (F. O.), F.R.G.S.

The History of Japan. From
the Earliest Period to the Present
Time. New Edition, revised. 2
volumes. With Maps and Plans.
Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 21s. each.

ADAMS (W. D., Jun.).

Lyrics of Love, from Shake-
speare to Tennyson. Selected and
arranged by. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth extra,
gilt edges, price 3s. 6d.

ADAMS (John), M.A.

**St. Malo's Quest, and
other Poems.** Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, 5s.

ADON.

Through Storm & Sunshine.
Illustrated by M. E. Edwards,
A. T. H. Paterson, and the Author.
Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

A. K. H. B.

**A Scotch Communion Sun-
day,** to which are added Certain
Discourses from a University City.
By the Author of "The Recreations
of a Country Parson." Second
Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

ALLEN (Rev. R.), M.A.

**Abraham; his Life, Times,
and Travels,** as told by a Contem-
porary 3,800 years ago. With Map.
Post 8vo. Cloth, price 10s. 6d.

AMOS (Prof. Sheldon).

Science of Law. Second
Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price
5s.

Volume X. of The International
Scientific Series.

ANDERSON (Rev. C.), M.A.

**New Readings of Old
Parables.** Demy 8vo. Cloth, price
4s. 6d.

**Church Thought and
Church Work.** Edited by. Second
Edition. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price
7s. 6d.

**Words and Works in a
London Parish.** Edited by.
Second Edition. Demy 8vo. Cloth,
price 6s.

The Curate of Shyre. Se-
cond Edition. 8vo. Cloth, price
7s. 6d.

ANDERSON (Col. R. P.).

Victories and Defeats. An
Attempt to explain the Causes which
have led to them. An Officer's
Manual. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price
14s.

ANDERSON (R. C.), C.E.

**Tables for Facilitating the
Calculation of every Detail in
connection with Earthen and
Masonry Dams.** Royal 8vo. Cloth,
price £2 2s.

ANSON (Lieut.-Col. The Hon. A.), V.C., M.P.

The Abolition of Purchase and the Army Regulation Bill of 1871. Crown 8vo. Sewed, price 1s.

Army Reserves and Militia Reforms. Crown 8vo. Sewed, price 1s.

Story of the Supersessions. Crown 8vo. Sewed, price 6d.

ARCHER (Thomas).

About my Father's Business. Work amidst the Sick, the Sad, and the Sorrowing. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

ARGYLE (Duke of).

Speeches on the Second Reading of the Church Patronage (Scotland) Bill in the House of Lords, June 2, 1874; and Earl of Camperdown's Amendment, June 9, 1874, placing the Election of Ministers in the hands of Ratepayers. Crown 8vo. Sewed, price 1s.

Army of the North German Confederation.

A Brief Description of its Organization, of the Different Branches of the Service and their rôle in War, of its Mode of Fighting, &c., &c. Translated from the Corrected Edition, by permission of the Author, by Colonel Edward Newdigate. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

Ashantee War (The).

A Popular Narrative. By the Special Correspondent of the "Daily News." Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

ASHTON (J.).

Rough Notes of a Visit to Belgium, Sedan, and Paris, in September, 1870-71. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

Aunt Mary's Bran Pie.

By the author of "St. Olave's." Illustrated. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

Aurora.

A Volume of Verse. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

AYRTON (J. C.).

A Scotch Wooing. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth.

BAGEHOT (Walter).

Physics and Politics; or, Thoughts on the Application of the Principles of "Natural Selection" and "Inheritance" to Political Society. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 4s.

Volume II. of The International Scientific Series.

The English Constitution. A New Edition, Revised and Corrected, with an Introductory Dissertation on Recent Changes and Events. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

Lombard Street. A Description of the Money Market. Sixth Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

BAIN (Alexander), LL.D.

Mind and Body: the Theories of their relation. Fifth Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 4s.

Volume IV. of The International Scientific Series.

BALDWIN (Capt. J. H.), F.Z.S., Bengal Staff Corps.

The Large and Small Game of Bengal and the North-Western Provinces of India. 4to. With numerous Illustrations. Cloth, price 21s.

BANKS (Mrs. G. L.).

God's Providence House. New Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

BARING (T. C.), M.A., M.P.

Pindar in English Rhyme. Being an Attempt to render the Epinikian Odes with the principal remaining Fragments of Pindar into English Rhymed Verse. Small Quarto. Cloth, price 7s.

BARLEE (Ellen).

Locked Out: a Tale of the Strike. With a Frontispiece. Royal 16mo. Cloth, price 1s. 6d.

BAUR (Ferdinand), Dr. Ph., Professor in Maulbronn.

A Philological Introduction to Greek and Latin for Students. Translated and adapted from the German of. By C. KEGAN PAUL, M.A. Oxon., and the Rev. E. D. STONE, M.A., late Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and Assistant Master at Eton. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

BAYNES (Rev. Canon R. H.), M.A.

Home Songs for Quiet Hours. Third Edition. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth extra, price 3s. 6d.

This may also be had handsomely bound in Morocco with gilt edges.

BECKER (Bernard H.).

The Scientific Societies of London. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

BENNETT (Dr. W. C.).

Baby May. Home Poems and Ballads. With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo. Cloth elegant, price 6s.

Baby May and Home Poems. Fcap. 8vo. Sewed in Coloured Wrapper, price 1s.

Narrative Poems & Ballads. Fcap. 8vo. Sewed in Coloured Wrapper, price 1s.

Songs for Sailors. Dedicated by Special Request to H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh. With Steel Portrait and Illustrations. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

An Edition in Illustrated Paper Covers, price 1s.

Songs of a Song Writer. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

BENNIE (Rev. J. N.), M.A.

The Eternal Life. Sermons preached during the last twelve years. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

BERNARD (Bayle).

Samuel Lover, the Life and Unpublished Works of. In 2 vols. With a Steel Portrait. Post 8vo. Cloth, price 21s.

BERNSTEIN (Prof.).

The Five Senses of Man. With 91 Illustrations. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

Volume XXI. of The International Scientific Series.

BETHAM - EDWARDS (Miss M.).

Kitty. With a Frontispiece. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

Mademoiselle Josephine's Fridays, and Other Stories. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

BISCOE (A. C.).

The Earls of Middleton, Lords of Clermont and of Fettercairn, and the Middleton Family. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 10s. 6d.

BISSET (A.).

History of the Struggle for Parliamentary Government in England. 2 vols. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 24s.

BLANC (H.), M.D.

Cholera: How to Avoid and Treat it. Popular and Practical Notes. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 4s. 6d.

BLASERNA (Prof. Pietro).

The Theory of Sound in its Relation to Music. With numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

Volume XXII. of The International Scientific Series.

BLUME (Major W.).

The Operations of the German Armies in France, from Sedan to the end of the war of 1870-71. With Map. From the Journals of the Head-quarters Staff. Translated by the late E. M. Jones, Maj. 20th Foot, Prof. of Mil. Hist., Sandhurst. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 9s.

BOGUSLAWSKI (Capt. A. von).

Tactical Deductions from the War of 1870-71. Translated by Colonel Sir Lumley Graham, Bart., late 18th (Royal Irish) Regiment. Third Edition, Revised and Corrected. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 7s.

BONWICK (J.), F.R.G.S.

The Tasmanian Lily. With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

Mike Howe, the Bushranger of Van Diemen's Land. With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

BOSWELL (R. B.), M.A., Oxon.

Metrical Translations from the Greek and Latin Poets, and other Poems. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

BOTHMER (Countess von).

Cruel as the Grave. A Novel. 3 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth.

BOWEN (H. C.), M.A., Head Master of the Grocers' Company's Middle Class School at Hackney.

Studies in English, for the use of Modern Schools. Small Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 1s. 6d.

BOWRING (L.), C.S.I.

Eastern Experiences. Illustrated with Maps and Diagrams. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 16s.

BRADLEY (F. H.).

Ethical Studies. Critical Essays in Moral Philosophy. Large post 8vo. Cloth, price 9s.

Brave Men's Footsteps.

By the Editor of "Men who have Risen." A Book of Example and Anecdote for Young People. With Four Illustrations by C. Doyle. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

BRIALMONT (Col. A.).

Hasty Intrenchments. Translated by Lieut. Charles A. Empson, R.A. With Nine Plates. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

Briefs and Papers. Being Sketches of the Bar and the Press. By Two Idle Apprentices. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

BROOKE (Rev. J. M. S.), M. A.

Heart, be Still. A Sermon preached in Holy Trinity Church, Southall. Imperial 32mo. Sewed, price 6d.

BROOKE (Rev. S. A.), M. A., Chaplain in Ordinary to Her Majesty the Queen, and Minister of Bedford Chapel, Bloomsbury.

The Late Rev. F. W. Robertson, M.A., Life and Letters of. Edited by.

I. Uniform with the Sermons. 2 vols. With Steel Portrait. Price 7s. 6d.

II. Library Edition. 8vo. With Two Steel Portraits. Price 12s.

III. A Popular Edition, in 1 vol. 8vo. Price 6s.

Theology in the English Poets. — COWPER, COLERIDGE, WORDSWORTH, and BURNS. Third Edition. Post 8vo. Cloth, price 9s.

Christ in Modern Life. Ninth Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

Sermons. First Series. Ninth Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

Sermons. Second Series. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s.

Frederick Denison Maurice: The Life and Work of. A Memorial Sermon. Crown 8vo. Sewed, price 1s.

BROOKE (W. G.), M.A.

The Public Worship Regulation Act. With a Classified Statement of its Provisions, Notes, and Index. Third Edition, revised and corrected. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

Six Privy Council Judgments—1850-1872. Annotated by. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 9s.

BROUN (J. A.).

Magnetic Observations at Trevandrum and Augustia Malley. Vol. I. 4to. Cloth, price 63s.

The Report from above, separately sewed, price 21s.

BROWN (Rev. J. Baldwin), B.A.

The Higher Life. Its Reality, Experience, and Destiny. Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

Doctrine of Annihilation in the Light of the Gospel of Love. Five Discourses. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 2s. 6d.

BROWN (J. Croumbie), LL.D.

Reboisement in France; or, Records of the Replanting of the Alps, the Cevennes, and the Pyrenees with Trees, Herbage, and Bush. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 12s. 6d.

The Hydrology of Southern Africa. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 10s. 6d.

BROWNE (Rev. M. E.)

Until the Day Dawn. Four Advent Lectures. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 2s. 6d.

BRYANT (W. C.)

Poems. Red-line Edition. With 24 Illustrations and Portrait of the Author. Crown 8vo. Cloth extra, price 7s. 6d.

A Cheaper Edition, with Frontispiece. Small crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

BUCHANAN (Robert).

Poetical Works. Collected Edition, in 3 vols., with Portrait. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s. each.

Master-Spirits. Post 8vo. Cloth, price 10s. 6d.

BULKELEY (Rev. H. J.).

Walled in, and other Poems. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

BUNNETT (F. E.).

Linked at Last. Crown 8vo. Cloth.

BURTON (Mrs. Richard).

The Inner Life of Syria, Palestine, and the Holy Land. With Maps, Photographs, and Coloured Plates. 2 vols. Second Edition. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 24s.

CADELL (Mrs. H. M.).

Ida Craven: A Novel. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth.

CALDERON.

Calderon's Dramas: The Wonder-Working Magician,—Life is a Dream—The Purgatory of St. Patrick. Translated by Denis Florence MacCarthy. Post 8vo. Cloth, price 10s.

CARLISLE (A. D.), B. A.

Round the World in 1870. A Volume of Travels, with Maps. New and Cheaper Edition. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

CARNE (Miss E. T.).

The Realm of Truth. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s. 6d.

CARPENTER (E.).

Narcissus and other Poems. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

CARPENTER (W. B.), LL.D., M.D., F.R.S., &c.

The Principles of Mental Physiology. With their Applications to the Training and Discipline of the Mind, and the Study of its Morbid Conditions. Illustrated. Fourth Edition. 8vo. Cloth, price 12s.

CARR (Lisle).

Judith Gwynne. 3 vols. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth.

CHRISTOPHERSON (The late Rev. Henry), M.A.

Sermons. With an Introduction by John Rae, LL.D., F.S.A. First Series. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

Sermons. With an Introduction by John Rae, LL.D., F.S.A. Second Series. Crown 8vo. Cloth price 6s.

CLAYTON (Cecil).

Effie's Game; How She Lost and How She Won. A Novel. 2 vols. Cloth.

CLERK (Mrs. Godfrey).

'Ilâm en Nâs. Historical Tales and Anecdotes of the Times of the Early Khalifahs. Translated from the Arabic Originals. Illustrated with Historical and Explanatory Notes. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s.

CLERY (C.), Capt.

Minor Tactics. With 26 Maps and Plans. Second Edition. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 16s.

CLODD (Edward), F.R.A.S.

The Childhood of the World: a Simple Account of Man in Early Times. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s.
A Special Edition for Schools. Price 1s.

The Childhood of Religions. Including a Simple Account of the Birth and Growth of Myths and Legends. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

COLERIDGE (Sara).

Pretty Lessons in Verse for Good Children, with some Lessons in Latin, in Easy Rhyme. A New Edition. Illustrated. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

Phantasmion. A Fairy Tale. With an Introductory Preface by the Right Hon. Lord Coleridge, of Ottery St. Mary. A New Edition. Illustrated. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

Memoir and Letters of Sara Coleridge. Edited by her Daughter. With Index. 2 vols. With Two Portraits. Third Edition, Revised and Corrected. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 24s.

Cheap Edition. With one Portrait. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

COLLINS (Mortimer).

The Princess Clarice. A Story of 1871. 2 vols. Cloth.

Squire Silchester's Whim. 3 vols. Cloth.

Miranda. A Midsummer Madness. 3 vols. Cloth.

Inn of Strange Meetings, and other Poems. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

The Secret of Long Life. Dedicated by special permission to Lord St. Leonards. Fourth Edition. Large crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

COLLINS (Rev. R.), M.A.

Missionary Enterprise in the East. With special reference to the Syrian Christians of Malabar, and the results of modern Missions. With Four Illustrations. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

CONGREVE (Richard), M.A., M.R.C.P.L.

Human Catholicism. Two Sermons delivered at the Positivist School on the Festival of Humanity, 87 and 88, January 1, 1875 and 1876. Demy 8vo. Sewed, price 1s.

CONWAY (Moncure D.).

Republican Superstitions. Illustrated by the Political History of the United States. Including a Correspondence with M. Louis Blanc. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

CONYERS (Ansley).

Chesterleigh. 3 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth.

COOKE (M. C.), M.A., LL.D.

Fungi; their Nature, Influences, Uses, &c. Edited by the Rev. M. J. Berkeley, M.A., F.L.S. With Illustrations. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

Volume XIV. of The International Scientific Series.

COOKE (Prof. J. P.), of the Harvard University.

The New Chemistry. With 31 Illustrations. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

Volume IX. of The International Scientific Series.

Scientific Culture. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 1s.

COOPER (T. T.), F.R.G.S.

The Mishmee Hills: an Account of a Journey made in an Attempt to Penetrate Thibet from Assam, to open New Routes for Commerce. Second Edition. With Four Illustrations and Map. Post 8vo. Cloth, price 10s. 6d.

Cornhill Library of Fiction (The). Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d. per volume.

Half-a-Dozen Daughters. By J. Masterman.

The House of Raby. By Mrs. G. Hooper.

A Fight for Life. By Moy Thomas.

Robin Gray. By Charles Gibbon.

Kitty. By Miss M. Betham-Edwards.

One of Two; or, The Left-Handed Bride. By J. Hain Friswell.

Ready-Money Mortiboy. A Matter-of-Fact Story.

God's Providence House. By Mrs. G. L. Banks.

For Lack of Gold. By Charles Gibbon.

Abel Drake's Wife. By John Saunders.

Hirell. By John Saunders..

CORY (Lieut. Col. Arthur).

The Eastern Menace; or, Shadows of Coming Events. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

Cosmos.

A Poem. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

COTTON (R. T.).

Mr. Carington. A Tale of Love and Conspiracy. 3 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth.

CRESSWELL (Mrs. G.).

The King's Banner. Drama in Four Acts. Five Illustrations. 4to. Cloth, price 10s. 6d.

CROMPTON (Henry).

Industrial Conciliation. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 2s. 6d.

CUMMINS (H. I.), M. A.

Parochial Charities of the City of London. Sewed, price 1s.

CURWEN (Henry).

Sorrow and Song: Studies of Literary Struggle. Henry Mürger—Novalis—Alexander Petöfi—Honoré de Balzac—Edgar Allan Poe—André Chénier. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 15s.

DANCE (Rev. C. D.).

Recollections of Four Years in Venezuela. With Three Illustrations and a Map. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

D'ANVERS (N. R.).

The Suez Canal: Letters and Documents descriptive of its Rise and Progress in 1854-56. By Ferdinand de Lesseps. Translated by. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 10s. 6d.

Little Minnie's Troubles. An Every-day Chronicle. With Four Illustrations by W. H. Hughes. Fcap. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

DAVIDSON (Rev. Samuel), D.D., LL.D.

The New Testament, translated from the Latest Greek Text of Tischendorf. A new and thoroughly revised Edition. Post 8vo. Cloth, price 10s. 6d.

Canon of the Bible: Its Formation, History, and Fluctuations. Small crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

DAVIES (G. Christopher).

Mountain, Meadow, and Mere: a Series of Outdoor Sketches of Sport, Scenery, Adventures, and Natural History. With Sixteen Illustrations by Bosworth W. Harcourt. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

Rambles and Adventures of Our School Field Club. With Four Illustrations. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

DAVIES (Rev. J. L.), M.A.

Theology and Morality. Essays on Questions of Belief and Practice. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

DE KERKADEC (Vicomtesse Solange).

A Chequered Life, being Memoirs of the Vicomtesse de Leoville Meilhan. Edited by. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

DE L'HOSTE (Col. E. P.).

The Desert Pastor, Jean Jarousseau. Translated from the French of Eugène Pelletan. With a Frontispiece. New Edition. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

DE REDCLIFFE (Viscount Stratford), P.C., K.G., G.C.B.

Why am I a Christian? Fifth Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s.

DE TOCQUEVILLE (A.).

Correspondence and Conversations of, with Nassau William Senior, from 1834 to 1859. Edited by M. C. M. Simpson. 2 vols. Post 8vo. Cloth, price 21s.

DE VERE (Aubrey).

Alexander the Great. A Dramatic Poem. Small crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

The Infant Bridal, and Other Poems. A New and Enlarged Edition. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

DE VERE (Aubrey)—*continued:*

The Legends of St. Patrick, and Other Poems. Small crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

St. Thomas of Canterbury. A Dramatic Poem. Large fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

DE WILLE (E.).

Under a Cloud; or, Johannes Olaf. A Novel. Translated by F. E. Bunnëtt. 3 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth.

DENNIS (J.).

English Sonnets. Collected and Arranged. Elegantly bound. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

DOBSON (Austin).

Vignettes in Rhyme and Vers de Société. Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

DONNÉ (A.), M.D.

Change of Air and Scene. A Physician's Hints about Doctors, Patients, Hygiene, and Society; with Notes of Excursions for Health. Second Edition. Large post 8vo. Cloth, price 9s.

DOWDEN (Edward), LL.D.

Shakspeare: a Critical Study of his Mind and Art. Second Edition. Post 8vo. Cloth, price 12s.

Poems. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

DOWNTON (Rev. H.), M.A.

Hymns and Verses. Original and Translated. Small crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

DRAPER (J. W.), M.D., LL.D., Professor in the University of New York.

History of the Conflict between Religion and Science. Seventh Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

Volume XIII. of The International Scientific Series.

DREW (Rev. G. S.), M.A.

Scripture Lands in connection with their History. Second Edition. 8vo. Cloth, price 10s. 6d.

Nazareth: Its Life and Lessons. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

The Divine Kingdom on Earth as it is in Heaven. 8vo. Cloth, price 10s. 6d.

The Son of Man: His Life and Ministry. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

DREWRY (G. O.), M.D.

The Common-Sense Management of the Stomach. Third Edition. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 2s. 6d.

DREWRY (G. O.), M.D., and BARTLETT (H. C.), Ph.D., F.C.S.

Cup and Platter: or, Notes on Food and its Effects. Small 8vo. Cloth, price 2s. 6d.

DRUMMOND (Miss).

Tripps Buildings. A Study from Life, with Frontispiece. Small crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

DURAND (Lady).

Imitations from the German of Spitta and Terstegen. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 4s.

DU VERNOIS (Col. von Verdy).

Studies in leading Troops. An authorized and accurate Translation by Lieutenant H. J. T. Hildyard, 71st Foot. Parts I. and II. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 7s.

EDEN (Frederick).

The Nile without a Dragoman. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

EDWARDS (Rev. Basil).

Minor Chords; Or, Songs for the Suffering: a Volume of Verse. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.; paper, price 2s. 6d.

EILOART (Mrs.).

Lady Moretoun's Daughter. 3 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth.

ELLIOTT (Ebenezer), The Corn Law Rhymer.

Poems. Edited by his son, the Rev. Edwin Elliott, of St. John's, Antigua. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 18s.

ENGLISH CLERGYMAN.

An Essay on the Rule of Faith and Creed of Athanasius. Shall the Rubric preceding the Creed be removed from the Prayer-book? Sewed. 8vo. Price 1s.

Epic of Hades (The).

By a New Writer. Author of "Songs of Two Worlds." Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

Eros Agonistes.

Poems. By E. B. D. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

Essays on the Endowment of Research.

By Various Writers.

LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS.

Mark Pattison, B.D.
James S. Cotton, B.A.
Charles E. Appleton, D.C.L.
Archibald H. Sayce, M.A.
Henry Clifton Sorby, F.R.S.
Thomas K. Cheyne, M.A.
W. T. Thiselton Dyer, M.A.
Henry Nettleship, M.A.

Square crown octavo. Cloth price 10s. 6d.

EVANS (Mark).

The Story of our Father's Love, told to Children; being a New and Enlarged Edition of Theology for Children. With Four Illustrations. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

A Book of Common Prayer and Worship for Household Use, compiled exclusively from the Holy Scriptures. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 2s. 6d.

EYRE (Maj.-Gen. Sir V.), C.B., K.C.S.I., &c.

Lays of a Knight-Errant in many Lands. Square crown 8vo. With Six Illustrations. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

FAITHFULL (Mrs. Francis G.).

Love Me, or Love Me Not.
3 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth.

FARQUHARSON (M.).

I. Elsie Dinsmore. Crown
8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

II. Elsie's Girlhood. Crown
8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

**III. Elsie's Holidays at
Roselands.** Crown 8vo.
Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

FAVRE (Mons. J.).

**The Government of the
National Defence.** From the 30th
June to the 31st October, 1870.
Translated by H. Clark. Demy 8vo.
Cloth, price 10s. 6d.

FERRIS (Henry Weybridge).

Poems. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth,
price 5s.

FISHER (Alice).

His Queen. 3 vols. Crown
8vo. Cloth.

FOOTMAN (Rev. H.), M.A.

**From Home and Back; or,
Some Aspects of Sin as seen in the
Light of the Parable of the Prodigal.**
Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

FORBES (A.).

Soldiering and Scribbling.
A Series of Sketches. Crown 8vo.
Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

FOTHERGILL (Jessie).

Healey. A Romance. 3 vols.
Crown 8vo. Cloth.

FOWLE (Rev. T. W.), M.A.

**The Reconciliation of Re-
ligion and Science.** Being Essays
on Immortality, Inspiration, Mira-
cles, and the Being of Christ. Demy
8vo. Cloth, price 10s. 6d.

FOX-BOURNE (H. R.).

The Life of John Locke,
1632—1704. 2 vols. Demy 8vo.
Cloth, price 28s.

FRASER (Donald).

**Exchange Tables of Ster-
ling and Indian Rupee Curren-
cy,** upon a new and extended system,
embracing Values from One Far-
thing to One Hundred Thousand
Pounds, and at Rates progressing, in
Sixteenths of a Penny, from 1s. 9d. to
2s. 3d. per Rupee. Royal 8vo.
Cloth, price 10s. 6d.

**FRERE (Sir H. Bartle E.), G.C.B.,
G.C.S.I.**

**The Threatened Famine in
Bengal:** How it may be Met, and
the Recurrence of Famines in India
Prevented. Being No. 1 of "Occa-
sional Notes on Indian Affairs."
With 3 Maps. Crown 8vo. Cloth,
price 5s.

FRISWELL (J. Hain).

The Better Self. Essays for
Home Life. Crown 8vo. Cloth,
price 6s.

**One of Two; or, The Left-
Handed Bride.** With a Frontis-
piece. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price
3s. 6d.

GARDNER (H.).

Sunflowers. A Book of
Verses. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

GARDNER (J.), M.D.

**Longevity: The Means of
Prolonging Life after Middle
Age.** Third Edition, revised and
enlarged. Small crown 8vo. Cloth,
price 4s.

GARRETT (E.).

By Still Waters. A Story
for Quiet Hours. With Seven Illus-
trations. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

GIBBON (Charles).

For Lack of Gold. With a
Frontispiece. Crown 8vo. Cloth,
price 3s. 6d.

Robin Gray. With a Frontis-
piece. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price
3s. 6d.

GILBERT (Mrs.).

Autobiography and other Memorials. Edited by Josiah Gilbert. Second Edition. In 2 vols. With 2 Steel Portraits and several Wood Engravings. Post 8vo. Cloth, price 24s.

GILL (Rev. W. W.), B.A.

Myths and Songs from the South Pacific. With a Preface by F. Max Müller, M.A., Professor of Comparative Philology at Oxford. Post 8vo. Cloth, price 9s.

GODKIN (James).

The Religious History of Ireland: Primitive, Papal, and Protestant. Including the Evangelical Missions, Catholic Agitations, and Church Progress of the last half Century. 8vo. Cloth, price 12s.

GODWIN (William).

William Godwin: His Friends and Contemporaries. With Portraits and Facsimiles of the handwriting of Godwin and his Wife. By C. Kegan Paul. 2 vols. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 28s.

The Genius of Christianity Unveiled. Being Essays never before published. Edited, with a Preface, by C. Kegan Paul. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

GOETZE (Capt. A. von).

Operations of the German Engineers during the War of 1870-1871. Published by Authority, and in accordance with Official Documents. Translated from the German by Colonel G. Graham, V.C., C.B., R.E. With 6 large Maps. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 21s.

GOODENOUGH (Commodore J. G.), R.N., C.B., C.M.G.

Journals of, during his Last Command as Senior Officer on the Australian Station, 1873-1875. Edited, with a Memoir, by his Widow. With Maps, Woodcuts, and Steel Engraved Portrait. Square post 8vo. Cloth, price 14s.

GOODMAN (W.).

Cuba, the Pearl of the Antilles. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

GOULD (Rev. S. Baring), M.A.

The Vicar of Morwenstow: a Memoir of the Rev. R. S. Hawker. With Portrait. Third Edition, revised. Square post 8vo. Cloth, 10s. 6d.

GRANVILLE (A. B.), M.D., F.R.S., &c.

Autobiography of A. B. Granville, F.R.S., &c. Edited, with a brief account of the concluding years of his life, by his youngest Daughter, Paulina B. Granville. 2 vols. With a Portrait. Second Edition. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 32s.

GRAY (Mrs. Russell).

Lisette's Venture. A Novel. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth.

GREEN (T. Bowden).

Fragments of Thought. Dedicated by permission to the Poet Laureate. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

GREENWOOD (J.), "The Amateur Casual."

In Strange Company; or, The Note Book of a Roving Correspondent. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

GREY (John), of Dilston.

John Grey (of Dilston): Memoirs. By Josephine E. Butler. New and Revised Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

GRIFFITH (Rev. T.), A.M.

Studies of the Divine Master. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 12s.

GRIFFITHS (Capt. Arthur).

Memorials of Millbank, and Chapters in Prison History. With Illustrations by R. Goff and the Author. 2 vols. Post 8vo. Cloth, price 21s.

The Queen's Shilling. A Novel. 2 vols. Cloth.

GRIMLEY (Rev. H. N.), M.A.,
Professor of Mathematics in the
University College of Wales, and
Chaplain of Tremadoc Church.

Tremadoc Sermons, chiefly
on the SPIRITUAL BODY, the UNSEEN
WORLD, and the DIVINE HUMANITY.
Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

GRÜNER (M. L.).

**Studies of Blast Furnace
Phenomena.** Translated by L. D.
B. Gordon, F.R.S.E., F.G.S. Demy
8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

GURNEY (Rev. A. T.).

Words of Faith and Cheer.
A Mission of Instruction and Sugges-
tion. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

**First Principles in Church
and State.** Demy 8vo. Sewed,
price 1s. 6d.

HAECKEL (Prof. Ernst).

The History of Creation.
Translation revised by Professor E.
Ray Lankester, M.A., F.R.S. With
Coloured Plates and Genealogical
Trees of the various groups of both
plants and animals. 2 vols. Second
Edition. Post 8vo. Cloth, price 32s.

HARCOURT (Capt. A. F. P.).

The Shakespeare Argosy.
Containing much of the wealth of
Shakespeare's Wisdom and Wit,
alphabetically arranged and classi-
fied. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

HAWEIS (Rev. H. R.), M.A.

**Current Coin. Materialism—
The Devil—Crime—Drunkenness—
Pauperism—Emotion—Recreation—
The Sabbath.** Crown 8vo. Cloth,
price 6s.

Speech in Season. Third
Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price
9s.

Thoughts for the Times.
Ninth Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth,
price 7s. 6d.

**Unsectarian Family
Prayers**, for Morning and Evening
for a Week, with short selected
passages from the Bible. Square
crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

HAWTHORNE (Julian).

Bressant. A Romance. 2
vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth.

Idolatry. A Romance. 2 vols.
Crown 8vo. Cloth.

HAWTHORNE (Nathaniel).

Nathaniel Hawthorne. A
Memoir with Stories, now first pub-
lished in this country. By H. A. Page.
Post 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

Septimius. A Romance.
Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth,
price 9s.

HAYMAN (H.), D.D., late Head
Master of Rugby School.

Rugby School Sermons.
With an Introductory Essay on the
Indwelling of the Holy Spirit.
Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

Heathergate.

A Story of Scottish Life and Cha-
racter. By a New Author. 2 vols.
Crown 8vo. Cloth.

HELLWALD (Baron F. von).

**The Russians in Central
Asia.** A Critical Examination,
down to the present time, of the
Geography and History of Central
Asia. Translated by Lieut.-Col.
Theodore Wiegman, LL.B. Large
post 8vo. With Map. Cloth,
price 12s.

HELVIG (Capt. H.).

**The Operations of the Ba-
varian Army Corps.** Translated
by Captain G. S. Schwabe. With
Five large Maps. In 2 vols. Demy
8vo. Cloth, price 24s.

HINTON (James).

The Place of the Physician.
To which is added ESSAYS ON THE
LAW OF HUMAN LIFE, AND ON THE
RELATION BETWEEN ORGANIC AND
INORGANIC WORLDS. Second Edi-
tion. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

**Physiology for Practical
Use.** By various Writers. With
50 Illustrations. 2 vols. Second
Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price
12s. 6d.

HINTON (James)—continued:

An Atlas of Diseases of the Membrana Tympani. With Descriptive Text. Post 8vo. Price £6 6s.

The Questions of Aural Surgery. With Illustrations. 2 vols. Post 8vo. Cloth, price 12s. 6d.

H. J. C.

The Art of Furnishing. A Popular Treatise on the Principles of Furnishing, based on the Laws of Common Sense, Requirement, and Picturesque Effect. Small crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

HOCKLEY (W. B.).

Tales of the Zenana; or, A Nuwab's Leisure Hours. By the Author of "Pandurang Hari." With a Preface by Lord Stanley of Alderley. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 21s.

Pandurang Hari; or, Memoirs of a Hindoo. A Tale of Mahratta Life sixty years ago. With a Preface by Sir H. Bartle E. Frere, G.C.S.I., &c. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 21s.

HOFFBAUER (Capt.).

The German Artillery in the Battles near Metz. Based on the official reports of the German Artillery. Translated by Capt. E. O. Hollist. With Map and Plans. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 21s.

Hogan, M.P.

A Novel. 3 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth.

HOLMES (E. G. A.).

Poems. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

HOLROYD (Major W. R. M.)

Tas-hil ul Kālām; or, Hindustani made Easy. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

HOPE (James L. A.).

In Quest of Coolies. With Illustrations. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

HOOPER (Mary).

Little Dinners: How to Serve them with Elegance and Economy. Eleventh Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

Cookery for Invalids, Persons of Delicate Digestion, and Children. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

HOOPER (Mrs. G.).

The House of Raby. With a Frontispiece. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

HOPKINS (M.).

The Port of Refuge; or, Counsel and Aid to Shipmasters in Difficulty, Doubt, or Distress. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

HORNE (William), M.A.

Reason and Revelation: an Examination into the Nature and Contents of Scripture Revelation, as compared with other Forms of Truth. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 12s.

HOWARD (Mary M.).

Beatrice Aylmer, and other Tales. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

HOWARD (Rev. G. B.).

An Old Legend of St. Paul's. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 4s. 6d.

HOWELL (James).

A Tale of the Sea, Sonnets, and other Poems. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

HUGHES (Allison).

Penelope and other Poems. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 4s. 6d.

HULL (Edmund C. P.).

The European in India. With a MEDICAL GUIDE FOR ANGLO-INDIANS. By R. R. S. Mair, M.D., F.R.C.S.E. Second Edition, Revised and Corrected. Post 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

HUMPHREY (Rev. W.).

Mr. Fitzjames Stephen and Cardinal Bellarmine. Demy 8vo. Sewed, price 1s.

HUTTON (James).

Missionary Life in the Southern Seas. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

IGNOTUS.

Culmshire Folk. A Novel. New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

INCHBOLD (J. W.).

Annus Amoris. Sonnets. Foolscap 8vo. Cloth, price 4s. 6d.

INGELOW (Jean).

The Little Wonder-horn. A Second Series of "Stories Told to a Child." With Fifteen Illustrations. Square 24mo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

Off the Skelligs. (Her First Romance.) 4 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth.

International Scientific Series (The).

I. The Forms of Water in Clouds and Rivers, Ice and Glaciers. By J. Tyndall, LL.D., F.R.S. With 25 Illustrations. Sixth Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

II. Physics and Politics; or, Thoughts on the Application of the Principles of "Natural Selection" and "Inheritance" to Political Society. By Walter Bagehot. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 4s.

III. Foods. By Edward Smith, M.D., LL.B., F.R.S. With numerous Illustrations. Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

IV. Mind and Body: The Theories of their Relation. By Alexander Bain, LL.D. With Four Illustrations. Fifth Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 4s.

V. The Study of Sociology. By Herbert Spencer. Fifth Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

VI. On the Conservation of Energy. By Balfour Stewart, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S. With 14 Illustrations. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

International Scientific Series (The)—continued.

VII. Animal Locomotion; or, Walking, Swimming, and Flying. By J. B. Pettigrew, M.D., F.R.S., etc. With 130 Illustrations. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

VIII. Responsibility in Mental Disease. By Henry Maudsley, M.D. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

IX. The New Chemistry. By Professor J. P. Cooke, of the Harvard University. With 31 Illustrations. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

X. The Science of Law. By Professor Sheldon Amos. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

XI. Animal Mechanism. A Treatise on Terrestrial and Aerial Locomotion. By Professor E. J. Marey. With 117 Illustrations. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

XII. The Doctrine of Descent and Darwinism. By Professor Oscar Schmidt (Strasbourg University). With 26 Illustrations. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

XIII. The History of the Conflict between Religion and Science. By J. W. Draper, M.D., LL.D. Seventh Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

XIV. Fungi; their Nature, Influences, Uses, &c. By M. C. Cooke, M.A., LL.D. Edited by the Rev. M. J. Berkeley, M.A., F.L.S. With numerous Illustrations. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

XV. The Chemical Effects of Light and Photography. By Dr. Hermann Vogel (Polytechnic Academy of Berlin). Translation thoroughly revised. With 100 Illustrations. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

XVI. The Life and Growth of Language. By William Dwight Whitney, Professor of Sanskrit and Comparative Philology in Yale College, New Haven. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

International Scientific Series (The)—continued.

XVII. Money and the Mechanism of Exchange. By W. Stanley Jevons, M.A., F.R.S. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

XVIII. The Nature of Light: With a General Account of Physical Optics. By Dr. Eugene Lommel, Professor of Physics in the University of Erlangen. With 188 Illustrations and a table of Spectra in Chromo-lithography. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

XIX. Animal Parasites and Messmates. By Monsieur Van Beneden, Professor of the University of Louvain, Correspondent of the Institute of France. With 83 Illustrations. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

XX. Fermentation. By Professor Schützenberger, Director of the Chemical Laboratory at the Sorbonne. With 28 Illustrations. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

XXI. The Five Senses of Man. By Professor Bernstein, of the University of Halle. With 91 Illustrations. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

XXII. The Theory of Sound in its Relation to Music. By Professor Pietro Blaserna, of the Royal University of Rome. With numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

Forthcoming Volumes.

Prof. W. KINGDON CLIFFORD, M.A. The First Principles of the Exact Sciences explained to the Non-mathematical.

Prof. T. H. HUXLEY, LL.D., F.R.S. Bodily Motion and Consciousness.

Dr. W. B. CARPENTER, LL.D., F.R.S. The Physical Geography of the Sea.

W. LAUDER LINDSAY, M.D., F.R.S.E. Mind in the Lower Animals.

Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, Bart., F.R.S. On Ants and Bees.

Prof. W. T. THISELTON DYER, B.A., B.Sc. Form and Habit in Flowering Plants.

International Scientific Series (The)—continued.

Mr. J. N. LOCKYER, F.R.S. Spectrum Analysis.

Prof. MICHAEL FOSTER, M.D. Protoplasm and the Cell Theory.

H. CHARLTON BASTIAN, M.D., F.R.S. The Brain as an Organ of Mind.

Prof. A. C. RAMSAY, LL.D., F.R.S. Earth Sculpture: Hills, Valleys, Mountains, Plains, Rivers, Lakes; how they were Produced, and how they have been Destroyed.

Prof. J. ROSENTHAL. General Physiology of Muscles and Nerves.

P. BERT (Professor of Physiology, Paris). Forms of Life and other Cosmical Conditions.

Prof. CORFIELD, M.A., M.D. (Oxon.) Air in its relation to Health.

JACKSON (T. G.).

Modern Gothic Architecture. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

JACOB (Maj.-Gen. Sir G. Le Grand), K.C.S.I., C.B.

Western India Before and during the Mutinies. Pictures drawn from life. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

JENKINS (E.) and RAYMOND (J.), Esqs.

A Legal Handbook for Architects, Builders, and Building Owners. Second Edition Revised. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

JENKINS (Rev. R. C.), M.A.

The Privilege of Peter and the Claims of the Roman Church confronted with the Scriptures, the Councils, and the Testimony of the Popes themselves. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

JENNINGS (Mrs. Vaughan).

Rahel: Her Life and Letters. With a Portrait from the Painting by Daffinger. Square post 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

JEVONS (W. Stanley), M.A., F.R.S.

Money and the Mechanism of Exchange. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

Volume XVII. of The International Scientific Series.

KAUFMANN (Rev. M.), B.A.

Socialism: Its Nature, its Dangers, and its Remedies considered. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

KEATINGE (Mrs.).

Honor Blake: The Story of a Plain Woman. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth.

KER (David).

On the Road to Khiva. Illustrated with Photographs of the Country and its Inhabitants, and a copy of the Official Map in use during the Campaign, from the Survey of Captain Leusilin. Post 8vo. Cloth, price 12s.

The Boy Slave in Bokhara. A Tale of Central Asia. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

The Wild Horseman of the Pampas. Illustrated. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

KING (Alice).

A Cluster of Lives. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

KING (Mrs. Hamilton).

The Disciples. A New Poem. Second Edition, with some Notes. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

Aspromonte, and other Poems. Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 4s. 6d.

KINGSFORD (Rev. F.W.), M.A., Vicar of St. Thomas's, Stamford Hill; late Chaplain H. E. I. C. (Bengal Presidency).

Hartham Conferences; or, Discussions upon some of the Religious Topics of the Day. "Audi alteram partem." Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

KNIGHT (A. F. C.).

Poems. Fcap 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

KINGSLEY (Charles).

Letters and Memories of his Life. Edited by his WIFE. 2 vols. Demy 8vo. With 2 Steel engraved Portraits and numerous Illustrations on Wood, and a Facsimile of his Handwriting. Cloth, price 36s.

LACORDAIRE (Rev. Père).

Life: Conferences delivered at Toulouse. A New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

Lady of Lipari (The).

A Poem in Three Cantos. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

LAURIE (J. S.).

Educational Course of Secular School Books for India: The First Hindustani Reader. Stiff linen wrapper, price 6d.

The Second Hindustani Reader. Stiff linen wrapper, price 6d.

The Oriental (English) Reader. Book I., price 6d.; II., price 7½d.; III., price 9d.; IV., price 1s.

Geography of India; with Maps and Historical Appendix, tracing the Growth of the British Empire in Hindustan. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 1s. 6d.

LAYMANN (Capt.).

The Frontal Attack of Infantry. Translated by Colonel Edward Newdigate. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 2s. 6d.

L. D. S.

Letters from China and Japan. With Illustrated Title-page. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

LEANDER (Richard).

Fantastic Stories. Translated from the German by Paulina B. Granville. With Eight full-page Illustrations by M. E. Fraser-Tytler. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

LEATHES (Rev. S.), M.A.

The Gospel Its Own Witness. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

LEE (Rev. F. G.), D.C.L.

The Other World; or, Glimpses of the Supernatural. 2 vols. A New Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 15s.

LEE (Holme).

Her Title of Honour. A Book for Girls. New Edition. With a Frontispiece. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

LENOIR (J.).

Fayoum; or, Artists in Egypt. A Tour with M. Gérôme and others. With 13 Illustrations. A New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

Leonora Christina, Memoirs of, Daughter of Christian IV. of Denmark. Written during her Imprisonment in the Blue Tower of the Royal Palace at Copenhagen, 1663-1685. Translated by F. E. BUNNETT. With an Autotype Portrait of the Princess. A New and Cheaper Edition. Medium 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

LEWIS (Mary A.).

A Rat with Three Tales. With Four Illustrations by Catherine F. Frere. Cloth, price 5s.

LISTADO (J. T.).

Civil Service. A Novel. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth.

LOCKER (F.).

London Lyrics. A New and Revised Edition, with Additions and a Portrait of the Author. Crown 8vo. Cloth, elegant, price 7s. 6d.

LOMMEL (Dr. E.).

The Nature of Light: With a General Account of Physical Optics. Second Edition. With 188 Illustrations and a Table of Spectra in Chromo-lithography. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

Volume XVIII. of The International Scientific Series.

LORIMER (Peter), D.D.

John Knox and the Church of England: His Work in her Pulpit, and his Influence upon her Liturgy, Articles, and Parties. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 12s.

LOTHIAN (Roxburghe).

Dante and Beatrice from 1282 to 1290. A Romance. 2 vols. Post 8vo. Cloth, price 24s.

LOVEL (Edward).

The Owl's Nest in the City: A Story. Crown 8vo. Cloth.

LOVER (Samuel), R.H.A.

The Life of Samuel Lover, R. H. A.; Artistic, Literary, and Musical. With Selections from his Unpublished Papers and Correspondence. By Bayle Bernard. 2 vols. With a Portrait. Post 8vo. Cloth, price 21s.

LOWER (M. A.), M.A., F.S.A.

Wayside Notes in Scandinavia. Being Notes of Travel in the North of Europe. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 9s.

LUCAS (Alice).

Translations from the Works of German Poets of the 18th and 19th Centuries. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

LYONS (R. T.), Surg.-Maj. Bengal Army.

A Treatise on Relapsing Fever. Post 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

MACAULAY (J.), M.A., M.D., Edin.

The Truth about Ireland: Tours of Observation in 1872 and 1875. With Remarks on Irish Public Questions. Being a Second Edition of "Ireland in 1872," with a New and Supplementary Preface. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

MAC DONALD (G.).

Malcolm. A Novel. 3 vols. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth. **St. George and St. Michael.** 3 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth.

MACLACHLAN (A. N. C.), M.A.

William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland: being a Sketch of his Military Life and Character, chiefly as exhibited in the General Orders of His Royal Highness, 1745-1747. With Illustrations. Post 8vo. Cloth, price 15s.

MAC KENNA (S. J.).

Plucky Fellows. A Book for Boys. With Six Illustrations. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

At School with an Old Dragoon. With Six Illustrations. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

MCCINTOCK.

Sir Spangle and the Dingy Hen. Illustrated. Imperial 16mo. Cloth, price 2s. 6d.

MAIR (R. S.), M.D., F.R.C.S.E.

The Medical Guide for Anglo-Indians. Being a Compendium of Advice to Europeans in India, relating to the Preservation and Regulation of Health. With a Supplement on the Management of Children in India. Crown 8vo. Limp cloth, price 3s. 6d.

MANNING (His Eminence Cardinal).

Essays on Religion and Literature. By various Writers. Third Series. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 10s. 6d.

MAREY (E. J.).

Animal Mechanics. A Treatise on Terrestrial and Aerial Locomotion. With 117 Illustrations. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

Volume XI. of The International Scientific Series.

MARKEWITCH (B.).

The Neglected Question. Translated from the Russian, by the Princess Ourousoff, and dedicated by Express Permission to Her Imperial and Royal Highness Marie Alexandrovna, the Duchess of Edinburgh. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 14s.

MARRIOTT (Maj.-Gen. W. F.), C.S.I.

A Grammar of Political Economy. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

MARSHALL (H.).

The Story of Sir Edward's Wife. A Novel. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 10s. 6d.

MASTERMAN (J.).

Half-a-dozen Daughters. With a Frontispiece. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

MAUDSLEY (Dr. H.).

Responsibility in Mental Disease. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

Volume VIII. of The International Scientific Series.

MAUGHAN (W. C.).

The Alps of Arabia; or, Travels through Egypt, Sinai, Arabia, and the Holy Land. With Map. Second Edition. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

MAURICE (C. E.).

Lives of English Popular Leaders. No. 1.—STEPHEN LANGTON. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.
No. 2.—TYLER, BALL, and OLD-CASTLE. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

Mazzini (Joseph).

A Memoir. By E. A. V. Two Photographic Portraits. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

MEDLEY (Lieut.-Col. J. G.), R.E.

An Autumn Tour in the United States and Canada. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

MENZIES (Sutherland).

Memoirs of Distinguished Women. 2 vols. Post 8vo. Cloth, price 10s. 6d.

MICKLETHWAITE (J. T.), F.S.A.

Modern Parish Churches: Their Plan, Design, and Furniture. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

MILNE (James).

Tables of Exchange for the Conversion of Sterling Money into Indian and Ceylon Currency, at Rates from 1s. 8d. to 2s. 3d. per Rupee. Second Edition. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price £2 2s.

MIRUS (Maj.-Gen. von).

Cavalry Field Duty. Translated by Major Frank S. Russell, 14th (King's) Hussars. Crown 8vo. Cloth limp, price 7s. 6d.

MIVART (St. George), F.R.S.

Contemporary Evolution: An Essay on some recent Social Changes. Post 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

MOORE (Rev. D.), M.A.

Christ and His Church. By the Author of "The Age and the Gospel," &c. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

MOORE (Rev. T.).

Sermonettes: on Synonymous Texts, taken from the Bible and Book of Common Prayer, for the Study, Family Reading, and Private Devotion. Small crown 8vo. Cloth, price 4s. 6d.

MORELL (J. R.).

Euclid Simplified in Method and Language. Being a Manual of Geometry. Compiled from the most important French Works, approved by the University of Paris and the Minister of Public Instruction. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 2s. 6d.

MORICE (Rev. F. D.), M.A.

The Olympian and Pythian Odes of Pindar. A New Translation in English Verse. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

MORLEY (Susan).

Aileen Ferrers. A Novel. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth.

Throstlethwaite. A Novel. 3 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth.

MORSE (E. S.), Ph.D.

First Book of Zoology. With numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

MOSTYN (Sydney).

Perplexity. A Novel. 3 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth.

MUSGRAVE (Anthony).

Studies in Political Economy. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

My Sister Rosalind.

A Novel. By the Author of "Christiana North," and "Under the Limes." 2 vols. Cloth.

NAAKÉ (J. T.).

Slavonic Fairy Tales. From Russian, Servian, Polish, and Bohemian Sources. With Four Illustrations. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

NEWMAN (J. H.), D.D.

Characteristics from the Writings of. Being Selections from his various Works. Arranged with the Author's personal approval. Second Edition. With Portrait. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

. A Portrait of the late Rev. Dr. J. H. Newman, mounted for framing, can be had, price 2s. 6d.

NEWMAN (Mrs.).

Too Late. A Novel. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth.

NEW WRITER (A.).

Songs of Two Worlds. By a New Writer. Third Series. Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

The Epic of Hades. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

NOBLE (J. A.).

The Pelican Papers. Reminiscences and Remains of a Dweller in the Wilderness. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

NORMAN PEOPLE (The).

The Norman People, and their Existing Descendants in the British Dominions and the United States of America. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 21s.

NORRIS (Rev. Alfred).

The Inner and Outer Life Poems. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

NOTREGE (John), A.M.

The Spiritual Function of a Presbyterian in the Church of England. Crown 8vo. Cloth, red edges, price 3s. 6d.

Oriental Sporting Magazine (The).

A Reprint of the first 5 Volumes, in 2 Volumes. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 28s.

Our Increasing Military Difficulty, and one Way of Meeting it. Demy 8vo. Stitched, price 1s.

PAGE (Capt. S. F.).

Discipline and Drill. Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo. Price 1s.

PALGRAVE (W. Gifford).

Hermann Agha. An Eastern Narrative. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth, extra gilt, price 18s.

PANDURANG HARI;

Or Memoirs of a Hindoo.

With an Introductory Preface by Sir H. Bartle E. Frere, G.C.S.I., C.B. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 21s.

PARKER (Joseph), D.D.

The Paraclete: An Essay on the Personality and Ministry of the Holy Ghost, with some reference to current discussions. Second Edition. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 12s.

PARR (Harriet).

Echoes of a Famous Year. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 8s. 6d.

PAUL (C. Kegan).

Goethe's Faust. A New Translation in Rime. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

William Godwin: His Friends and Contemporaries. With Portraits and Facsimiles of the Handwriting of Godwin and his Wife. 2 vols. Square post 8vo. Cloth, price 28s.

The Genius of Christianity Unveiled. Being Essays never before published. By William Godwin. Edited, with a Preface, by C. Kegan Paul. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

PAYNE (John).

Songs of Life and Death. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

PAYNE (Prof.).

Lectures on Education. Price 6d. each.

I. Pestalozzi: the Influence of His Principles and Practice.

II. Fröbel and the Kindergarten System. Second Edition.

III. The Science and Art of Education.

IV. The True Foundation of Science Teaching.

A Visit to German Schools: Elementary Schools in Germany. Notes of a Professional Tour to inspect some of the Kindergartens, Primary Schools, Public Girls' Schools, and Schools for Technical Instruction in Hamburgh, Berlin, Dresden, Weimar, Gotha, Eisenach, in the autumn of 1874. With Critical Discussions of the General Principles and Practice of Kindergartens and other Schemes of Elementary Education. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 4s. 6d.

PEACOCKE (Georgiana).

Rays from the Southern Cross: Poems. Crown 8vo. With Sixteen Full-page Illustrations by the Rev. P. Walsh. Cloth elegant, price 10s. 6d.

PELLETAN (E.).

The Desert Pastor, Jean Jaroisseau. Translated from the French. By Colonel E. P. De L'Hoste. With a Frontispiece. New Edition. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

PENRICE (Maj. J.), B.A.

A Dictionary and Glossary of the Ko-ran. With copious Grammatical References and Explanations of the Text. 4to. Cloth, price 21s.

PERCEVAL (Rev. P.).

Tamil Proverbs, with their English Translation. Containing upwards of Six Thousand Proverbs. Third Edition. Demy 8vo. Sewed, price 9s.

PERRIER (A.).

A Winter in Morocco.
With Four Illustrations. A New
and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo.
Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

A Good Match. A Novel.
2 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth.

PERRY (Rev. S. J.), F.R.S.

**Notes of a Voyage to Ker-
guelen Island,** to observe the
Transit of Venus. Demy 8vo. Sewed,
price 2s.

PESCHEL (Dr. Oscar).

**The Races of Man and
their Geographical Distribution.**
Large crown 8vo. Cloth, price 9s.

PETTIGREW (J. Bell), M.D., F.R.S.

**Animal Locomotion; or,
Walking, Swimming, and Flying.**
With 130 Illustrations. Second Edi-
tion. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

Volume VII. of The International
Scientific Series.

PIGGOT (J.), F.S.A., F.R.G.S.

**Persia—Ancient and Mo-
dern.** Post 8vo. Cloth, price 10s. 6d.

POUSHKIN (A. S.).

Russian Romance.
Translated from the Tales of Pelkin,
etc. By Mrs. J. Buchan Telfer (*née*
Mouravieff). Crown 8vo. Cloth,
price 7s. 6d.

POWER (H.).

**Our Invalids: How shall
we Employ and Amuse Them?**
Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 2s. 6d.

POWLETT (Lieut. N.), R.A.

**Eastern Legends and
Stories in English Verse.** Crown
8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

PRESBYTER.

**Unfoldings of Christian
Hope.** An Essay showing that the
Doctrine contained in the Damna-
tory Clauses of the Creed commonly
called Athanasian is unscriptural.
Small crown 8vo. Cloth, price 4s. 6d.

PRICE (Prof. Bonamy).

Currency and Banking.
Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

PROCTOR (Richard A.), B.A.**Our Place among Infinities.**

A Series of Essays contrasting our
little abode in space and time with
the Infinities around us. To which
are added Essays on "Astrology,"
and "The Jewish Sabbath." Second
Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price
6s.

The Expanse of Heaven.

A Series of Essays on the Wonders
of the Firmament. With a Frontis-
piece. Second Edition. Crown 8vo.
Cloth, price 6s.

PUBLIC SCHOOLBOY.

**The Volunteer, the Militia-
man, and the Regular Soldier.**
Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

RANKING (B. M.).

**Streams from Hidden
Sources.** Crown 8vo. Cloth, price
6s.

Ready-Money Mortiboy.

A Matter-of-Fact Story. With Fron-
tispiece. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price
3s. 6d.

REANEY (Mrs. G. S.).

**Waking and Working; or,
from Girlhood to Womanhood.**
With a Frontispiece. Crown 8vo.
Cloth, price 5s.

**Sunbeam Willie, and other
Stories.** Three Illustrations. Royal
16mo. Cloth, price 1s. 6d.

Reginald Bramble.

A Cynic of the Nineteenth Century.
An Autobiography. Crown 8vo.
Cloth, price 10s. 6d.

REID (T. Wemyss).

Cabinet Portraits. Bio-
graphical Sketches of Statesmen of
the Day. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price
7s. 6d.

RHOADES (James).

Timoleon. A Dramatic Poem.
Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

RIBOT (Prof. Th.).

Contemporary English Psychology. Second Edition. A Revised and Corrected Translation from the latest French Edition. Large post 8vo. Cloth, price 9s.

Heredity : A Psychological Study on its Phenomena, its Laws, its Causes, and its Consequences. Large crown 8vo. Cloth, price 9s.

ROBERTSON (The Late Rev. F. W.), M.A., of Brighton.

The Late Rev. F. W. Robertson, M.A., Life and Letters of. Edited by the Rev. Stopford Brooke, M.A., Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen.

I. 2 vols., uniform with the Sermons. With Steel Portrait. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

II. Library Edition, in Demy 8vo., with Two Steel Portraits. Cloth, price 12s.

III. A Popular Edition, in 1 vol. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

New and Cheaper Editions:—

Sermons. Four Series. Small crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d. each.

Notes on Genesis. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

Expository Lectures on St. Paul's Epistles to the Corinthians. A New Edition. Small crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

Lectures and Addresses, with other literary remains. A New Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

An Analysis of Mr. Tennyson's "In Memoriam." (Dedicated by Permission to the Poet-Laureate.) Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 2s.

The Education of the Human Race. Translated from the German of Gotthold Ephraim Lessing. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 2s. 6d.

The above Works can also be had bound in half-morocco.

* * A Portrait of the late Rev. F. W. Robertson, mounted for framing, can be had, price 2s. 6d.

ROSS (Mrs. E.), ("Nelsie Brook").

Daddy's Pet. A Sketch from Humble Life. With Six Illustrations. Royal 16mo. Cloth, price 1s.

RUSSELL (E. R.).

Irving as Hamlet. Second Edition. Demy 8vo. Sewed, price 1s.

RUSSELL (W. C.).

Memoirs of Mrs. Lætitia Boothby. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

SADLER (S. W.), R.N.

The African Cruiser. A Midshipman's Adventures on the West Coast. With Three Illustrations. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

SAMAROW (G.).

For Sceptre and Crown. A Romance of the Present Time. Translated by Fanny Wormald. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 15s.

SAUNDERS (Katherine).

The High Mills. A Novel. 3 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth.

Gideon's Rock, and other Stories. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

Joan Merryweather, and other Stories. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

Margaret and Elizabeth. A Story of the Sea. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

SAUNDERS (John).

Israel Mort, Overman. A Story of the Mine. 3 vols. Crown 8vo.

Hirell. With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

Cheap Edition. With Frontispiece, price 2s.

Abel Drake's Wife. With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

Cheap Edition. With Frontispiece, price 2s.

SCHELL (Maj. von).

The Operations of the First Army under Gen. Von Goeben. Translated by Col. C. H. von Wright. Four Maps. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 9s.

The Operations of the First Army under Gen. Von Steinmetz. Translated by Captain E. O. Hollist. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 10s. 6d.

SCHERFF (Maj. W. von).

Studies in the New Infantry Tactics. Parts I. and II. Translated from the German by Colonel Lumley Graham. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

SCHMIDT (Prof. Oscar).

The Doctrine of Descent and Darwinism. With 26 Illustrations. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

Volume XII. of The International Scientific Series.

SCHÜTZENBERGER (Prof. F.).

Fermentation. With Numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

Volume XX. of The International Scientific Series.

SCOTT (Patrick).

The Dream and the Deed, and other Poems. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

SCOTT (W. T.).

Antiquities of an Essex Parish ; or, Pages from the History of Great Dunmow. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s. Sewed, 4s.

SCOTT (Robert H.).

Weather Charts and Storm Warnings. Illustrated. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

Seeking his Fortune, and other Stories. With Four Illustrations. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

SENIOR (N. W.).**Alexis De Tocqueville.**

Correspondence and Conversations with Nassau W. Senior, from 1833 to 1859. Edited by M. C. M. Simpson. 2 vols. Large post 8vo. Cloth, price 21s.

Journals Kept in France and Italy. From 1848 to 1852. With a Sketch of the Revolution of 1848. Edited by his Daughter, M. C. M. Simpson. 2 vols. Post 8vo. Cloth, price 24s.

Seven Autumn Leaves from Fairyland. Illustrated with Nine Etchings. Square crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

SEYD (Ernest), F.S.S.

The Fall in the Price of Silver. Its Causes, its Consequences, and their Possible Avoidance, with Special Reference to India. Demy 8vo. Sewed, price 2s. 6d.

SHADWELL (Maj.-Gen.), C.B.

Mountain Warfare. Illustrated by the Campaign of 1799 in Switzerland. Being a Translation of the Swiss Narrative compiled from the Works of the Archduke Charles, Jomini, and others. Also of Notes by General H. Dufour on the Campaign of the Valtelline in 1635. With Appendix, Maps, and Introductory Remarks. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 16s.

SHELDON (Philip).

Woman's a Riddle ; or, Baby Warmstre. A Novel. 3 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth.

SHELLEY (Lady).

Shelley Memorials from Authentic Sources. With (now first printed) an Essay on Christianity by Percy Bysshe Shelley. With Portrait. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

SHERMAN (Gen. W. T.).

Memoirs of General W. T. Sherman, Commander of the Federal Forces in the American Civil War. By Himself. 2 vols. With Map. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 24s. *Copyright English Edition.*

SHIPLEY (Rev. Orby), M.A.

Church Tracts, or Studies in Modern Problems. By various Writers. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s. each.

SMEDLEY (M. B.).

Boarding-out and Pauper Schools for Girls. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

SMITH (Edward), M.D., LL.B., F.R.S.

Health and Disease, as Influenced by the Daily, Seasonal, and other Cyclical Changes in the Human System. A New Edition. Post 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

Foods. Profusely Illustrated. Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

Volume III. of The International Scientific Series.

Practical Dietary for Families, Schools, and the Labouring Classes. A New Edition. Post 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

Tubercular Consumption in its Early and Remediable Stages. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

SMITH (Hubert).

Tent Life with English Gipsies in Norway. With Five full-page Engravings and Thirty-one smaller Illustrations by Whymper and other, and Map of the Country showing Routes. Third Edition. Revised and Corrected. Post 8vo. Cloth, price 21s.

Some Time in Ireland.

A Recollection. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

Songs for Music.

By Four Friends. Square crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.
Containing songs by Reginald A. Gatty, Stephen H Gatty, Greville J. Chester, and Juliana Ewing.

SPENCER (Herbert).

The Study of Sociology. Fifth Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

Volume V. of The International Scientific Series.

SPICER (H.).

Otho's Death Wager. A Dark Page of History Illustrated. In Five Acts. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

STEVENSON (Rev. W. F.).

Hymns for the Church and Home. Selected and Edited by the Rev. W. Fleming Stevenson.

The most complete Hymn Book published.

The Hymn Book consists of Three Parts:—I. For Public Worship.—II. For Family and Private Worship.—III. For Children.

*** Published in various forms and prices, the latter ranging from 8d. to 6s. Lists and full particulars will be furnished on application to the Publishers.*

STEWART (Prof. Balfour), M.A., LL.D., F.R.S.

On the Conservation of Energy. Third Edition. With Fourteen Engravings. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

Volume VI. of The International Scientific Series.

STONEHEWER (Agnes).

Monacella: A Legend of North Wales. A Poem. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

STRETTON (Hesba). Author of "Jessica's First Prayer."

The Storm of Life. With Ten Illustrations. Royal 16mo. Cloth, price 1s. 6d.

The Crew of the Dolphin. Illustrated. Eighth Thousand. Royal 16mo. Cloth, price 1s. 6d.

Cassy. Twenty-ninth Thousand. With Six Illustrations. Royal 16mo. Cloth, price 1s. 6d.

STRETTON (Hesba)—continued:**The King's Servants.**

Thirty-fifth Thousand. With Eight Illustrations. Royal 16mo. Cloth, price 1s. 6d.

Lost Gip. Forty-eighth Thousand. With Six Illustrations. Royal 16mo. Cloth, price 1s. 6d.

*** Also a handsomely bound Edition, with Twelve Illustrations, price 2s. 6d.*

Michel Lorio's Cross.

Strongly bound in blue cloth, gilt, price 1s. 6d.

Friends till Death, and other Stories. Strongly bound in blue cloth, gilt, price 1s. 6d.

David Lloyd's Last Will.

Illustrated. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 2s. 6d.

The Wonderful Life.

Ninth Thousand. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 2s. 6d.

Friends till Death. With Frontispiece. Fourteenth Thousand. Royal 16mo. Limp cloth, price 6d.

Two Christmas Stories.

With Frontispiece. Eleventh Thousand. Royal 16mo. Limp cloth, price 6d.

Michel Lorio's Cross, and

Left Alone. With Frontispiece. Seventh Thousand. Royal 16mo. Limp cloth, price 6d.

Old Transome.

With Frontispiece. Ninth Thousand. Royal 16mo. Limp cloth, price 6d.

*** Taken from "The King's Servants."*

The Worth of a Baby, and how Apple-Tree Court was won. With Frontispiece. Ninth Thousand. Royal 16mo. Limp cloth, price 6d.

A Night and a Day. With Frontispiece. Sixth Thousand. Royal 16mo. Limp cloth, price 6d.

Hester Morley's Promise. 3 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth.

The Doctor's Dilemma. 3 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth.

STUMM (Lieut. Hugo), German Military Attaché to the Khivan Expedition.

Russia's advance East-

ward. Based on the Official Reports of. Translated by Capt. C. E. H. VINCENT. With Map. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

SULLY (James), M.A.

Sensation and Intuition.

Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 10s. 6d.

Sunnyland Stories.

By the Author of "Aunt Mary's Bran Pie." Illustrated. Small 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

SYME (David).

Outlines of an Industrial Science. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

Tales of the Zenana.

By the Author of "Pandurang Hari." 2 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 21s.

TAYLOR (Rev. J. W. A.), M.A.

Poems. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

TAYLOR (Sir H.).

Edwin the Fair and Isaac Comnenus. A New Edition. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

A Sicilian Summer and other Poems. A New Edition. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

Philip Van Artevelde. A Dramatic Poem. A New Edition. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

TAYLOR (Col. Meadows), C.S.I., M.R.I.A.

The Confessions of a Thug. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

Tara: a Mahratta Tale. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

TELFER (J. Buchan), F.R.G.S., Commander R.N.

The Crimea and Trans-Caucasia. With numerous Illustrations and Maps. 2 vols. Medium 8vo. Cloth, price 36s.

THOMAS (Moy).

A Fight for Life. With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

Thomasina.

A Novel. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth.

THOMPSON (Alice C.).

Preludes. A Volume of Poems. Illustrated by Elizabeth Thompson (Painter of "The Roll Call"). 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

THOMPSON (Rev. A. S.).

Home Words for Wanderers. A Volume of Sermons. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

Thoughts in Verse.

Small Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 1s. 6d.

THRING (Rev. Godfrey), B.A.

Hymns and Sacred Lyrics. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

TODD (Herbert), M.A.

Arvan ; or, The Story of the Sword. A Poem. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

TODHUNTER (Dr. J.)

Laurella ; and other Poems. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s. 6d.

TRAHERNE (Mrs. A.).

The Romantic Annals of a Naval Family. A New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

TRAVERS (Mar.).

The Spinsters of Blatchington. A Novel. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth.

TREMENHEERE (Lieut.-Gen. C. W.)

Missions in India : the System of Education in Government and Mission Schools contrasted. Demy 8vo. Sewed, price 2s.

TURNER (Rev. C. Tennyson).

Sonnets, Lyrics, and Translations. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 4s. 6d.

TYNDALL (John), LL.D., F.R.S.

The Forms of Water in Clouds and Rivers, Ice and and Glaciers. With Twenty-five Illustrations. Sixth Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

Volume I. of The International Scientific Series.

UMBRA OXONIENSIS.

Results of the expostulation of the Right Honourable W. E. Gladstone, in their Relation to the Unity of Roman Catholicism. Large fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

UPTON (Richard D.), Capt.

Newmarket and Arabia. An Examination of the Descent of Racers and Coursers. With Pedigrees and Frontispiece. Post 8vo. Cloth, price 9s.

VAMBERY (Prof. A.).

Bokhara : Its History and Conquest. Second Edition. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 18s.

VAN BENEDEN (Mons.).

Animal Parasites and Messmates. With 83 Illustrations. Second Edition. Cloth, price 5s.

Volume XIX. of The International Scientific Series.

VANESSA.

By the Author of "Thomasina," &c. A Novel. 2 vols. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth.

VAUGHAN (Rev. C. J.), D.D.

Words of Hope from the Pulpit of the Temple Church. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

VAUGHAN (Rev. C. J.), D.D.—
continued.

The Solidity of true Religion, and other Sermons. Preached in London during the Election and Mission Week, February, 1874. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

Forget Thine own People. An Appeal for Missions. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

The Young Life equipping Itself For God's Service. Being Four Sermons Preached before the University of Cambridge, in November, 1872. Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

VINCENT (Capt. C. E. H.).

Elementary Military Geography, Reconnoitring, and Sketching. Compiled for Non-Commissioned Officers and Soldiers of all Arms. Square crown 8vo. Cloth, price 2s. 6d.

Vizcaya; or, Life in the Land of the Carlists at the Outbreak of the Insurrection, with some Account of the Iron Mines and other Characteristics of the Country. With a Map and Eight Illustrations. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 9s.

VOGEL (Dr. Hermann).

The Chemical effects of Light and Photography, in their application to Art, Science, and Industry. The translation thoroughly revised. With 100 Illustrations, including some beautiful specimens of Photography. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

Volume XV. of The International Scientific Series.

VYNER (Lady Mary).

Every day a Portion. Adapted from the Bible and the Prayer Book, for the Private Devotions of those living in Widowhood. Collected and edited by Lady Mary Vyner. Square crown 8vo. Cloth extra, price 5s.

Waiting for Tidings.

By the Author of "White and Black." 3 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth.

WARTENSLEBEN (Count H. von).

The Operations of the South Army in January and February, 1871. Compiled from the Official War Documents of the Head-quarters of the Southern Army. Translated by Colonel C. H. von Wright. With Maps. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

The Operations of the First Army under Gen. von Manteuffel. Translated by Colonel C. H. von Wright. Uniform with the above. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 9s.

WAY (A.), M.A.

The Odes of Horace Literally Translated in Metre. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 2s.

WEDMORE (F.).

Two Girls. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth.

WELLS (Capt. John C.), R.N.

Spitzbergen—The Gateway to the Polynia; or, A Voyage to Spitzbergen. With numerous Illustrations by Whymper and others, and Map. New and Cheaper Edition. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

WETMORE (W. S.).

Commercial Telegraphic Code. Second Edition. Post 4to. Boards, price 42s.

What 'tis to Love.

By the Author of "Flora Adair," "The Value of Fosterstown." 3 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth.

WHITAKER (Florence).

Christy's Inheritance. A London Story. Illustrated. Royal 16mo. Cloth, price 1s. 6d.

WHITE (A. D.), LL.D.

Warfare of Science. With Prefatory Note by Professor Tyndall. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

- WHITE (Capt. F. B. P.).**
The Substantive Seniority Army List—Majors and Captains. 8vo. Sewed, price 2s. 6d.
- WHITNEY (Prof. W. D.), of Yale College, New Haven.**
The Life and Growth of Language. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s. *Copyright Edition.*
 Volume XVI. of The International Scientific Series.
- WHITTLE (J. L.), A.M.**
Catholicism and the Vatican. With a Narrative of the Old Catholic Congress at Munich. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 4s. 6d.
- WICKHAM (Capt. E. H., R.A.)**
Influence of Firearms upon Tactics: Historical and Critical Investigations. By an OFFICER OF SUPERIOR RANK (in the German Army). Translated by Captain E. H. Wickham, R.A. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.
- WILBERFORCE (H. W.).**
The Church and the Empires. Historical Periods. Preceded by a Memoir of the Author by John Henry Newman, D.D. of the Oratory. With Portrait. Post 8vo. Cloth, price 10s. 6d.
- WILKINSON (T. L.).**
Short Lectures on the Land Laws. Delivered before the Working Men's College. Crown 8vo. Limp Cloth, price 2s.
- WILLIAMS (A. Lukyn).**
Famines in India; their Causes and Possible Prevention. The Essay for the Le Bas Prize, 1875. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.
- WILLIAMS (Rowland), D.D.**
Life and Letters of, with Extracts from his Note-Books. Edited by Mrs. Rowland Williams. With a Photographic Portrait. 2 vols. Large post 8vo. Cloth, price 24s.
- WILLIAMS (Rowland), D.D.—**
continued.
The Psalms, Litanies, Counsels and Collects for Devout Persons. Edited by his Widow. New and Popular Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.
- WILLOUGHBY (The Hon. Mrs.).**
On the North Wind—Thistledown. A Volume of Poems. Elegantly bound. Small crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.
- WILSON (H. Schütz).**
Studies and Romances. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.
- WILSON (Lieut.-Col. C. T.).**
James the Second and the Duke of Berwick. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 12s. 6d.
- WINTERBOTHAM (Rev. R.), M.A., B.Sc.**
Sermons and Expositions. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.
- WOINOVITS (Capt. I.).**
Austrian Cavalry Exercise. Translated by Captain W. S. Cooke. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s.
- WOOD (C. F.).**
A Yachting Cruise in the South Seas. With Six Photographic Illustrations. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.
- WRIGHT (Rev. David), M.A.**
Man and Animals: A Sermon. Crown 8vo. Stitched in wrapper, price 1s.
- WRIGHT (Rev. David), M.A.**
Waiting for the Light, and other Sermons. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.
- WYLD (R. S.), F.R.S.E.**
The Physics and the Philosophy of the Senses; or, The Mental and the Physical in their Mutual Relation. Illustrated by several Plates. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 16s.

YONGE (C. D.).

History of the English Revolution of 1688. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

YORKE (Stephen).

Clevedon. A Novel. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth.

YOUSMANS (Eliza A.).

An Essay on the Culture of the Observing Powers of Children, especially in connection with the Study of Botany. Edited, with Notes and a Supplement, by Joseph Payne, F.C.P., Author of "Lectures on the Science and Art of Education," &c. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 2s. 6d.

YOUSMANS (Eliza A.)—continued.

First Book of Botany.

Designed to Cultivate the Observing Powers of Children. With 300 Engravings. New and Enlarged Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

YOUSMANS (Edward L.), M.D.

A Class Book of Chemistry.

on the Basis of the New System. With 200 Illustrations. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

ZIMMERN (H.).

Stories in Precious Stones.

With Six Illustrations. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

December, 1876.

NEW BOOKS NOW IN THE PRESS.

THE HISTORY OF THE EVOLUTION OF MAN.

By Professor E. HAECKEL, Author of "The History of Creation." Translated by Professor VAN RHYN. 2 vols., profusely illustrated.

SERMONS. Third Series. By the Rev. STOPFORD A. BROOKE, M.A., Chaplain in Ordinary to Her Majesty the Queen, and Minister at Bedford Chapel, Bloomsbury. Crown 8vo. Cloth.

INTERNATIONAL LAW OR RULES REGULATING THE INTERCOURSE OF STATES IN PEACE AND WAR. By H. W. HALLECK, A.M., Author of "Elements of Military Art and Science," "Mining Laws of Spain and Mexico," &c. Edited, with copious Notes and Additions, by G. SHERSTON BAKER, Barrister-at-Law. 2 vols. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 38s.

HISTORY OF THE ORGANIZATION, EQUIPMENT, AND WAR SERVICES OF THE REGIMENT OF BENGAL ARTILLERY. Compiled from published Official Records, and various private Sources. By FRANCIS W. STUBBS, Major Royal (late Bengal) Artillery. With numerous Maps and Illustrations. 2 vols. Demy 8vo. Cloth.

GREENLAND AND ITS INHABITANTS. By the Chevalier Dr. HENRY RINK, President of the Greenland Board of Trade. With sixteen Illustrations, drawn by the Eskimo, and a Map. Edited by Dr. ROBERT BROWN.

- NOTES ON GENESIS.** By the late Rev. F. W. ROBERTSON, M.A., Incumbent of Trinity Church, Brighton. Crown 8vo. Cloth.
- TRAVELS IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF BRUCE IN ALGERIA AND TUNIS.** Illustrated by Facsimiles of his Original Drawings. By Lieut.-Col. R. L. PLAYFAIR, H. B. M.'s Consul-General in Algeria.
- A BALOOCHEE GRAMMAR.** By Capt. E. C. MOCKLER, Assistant Political Agent on the Mekran Coast. Fcap. 8vo.
- NEW READINGS AND RENDERINGS OF SHAKESPEARE'S TRAGEDIES.** By H. H. VAUGHAN. Demy 8vo. Cloth.
- AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL RECOLLECTIONS OF SIR JOHN BOWRING.** Edited by his son, LEWIN B. BOWRING. One Vol. Demy 8vo. With a Steel Engraving after the Medallion by David.
- A TRIP TO CASHMERE AND LADAK.** By COWLEY LAMBERT, F.R.G.S. One Vol. Crown 8vo. Illustrated.
- A DISCOURSE ON TRUTH.** By RICHARD SHUTE, M.A., Christ Church, Oxon. One Vol. Large crown 8vo.
- POEMS: MEDITATIVE AND LYRICAL.** By AUBREY DE VERE. Large fcap. 8vo.
- PUDDINGS AND SWEETS,** being Three Hundred and Sixty-Five Receipts approved by experience. Crown 8vo. price 2s. 6d.
- TENNYSON. EXTRACTS FOR SCHOOLS AND RECITATIONS.** In foolscap 8vo.
- THE SWEET SILVERY SAYINGS OF SHAKESPEARE ON THE SOFTER SEX.** Compiled by an Old Soldier. Crown 8vo. Cloth gilt extra.
- THE NORTHERN QUESTION; OR, RUSSIA'S POLICY IN TURKEY UNMASKED.** Demy 8vo. Sewed, price 1s.
- IONE.** A Poem, in four Parts. By the Author of "Shadows of Coming Events." Foolscap 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.
- THE EPIC OF HADES.** Parts I. and III. Completing the Work. By a New Writer. Foolscap 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.
- HEBE: A Tale.** By Lieutenant M. H. G. GOLDIE. Foolscap 8vo. Cloth.

ELZEVIËR PRESS:—PRINTED BY JOHN C. WILKINS,
9, CASTLE STREET, CHANCERY LANE.

PR5555

1427.

18770

107

